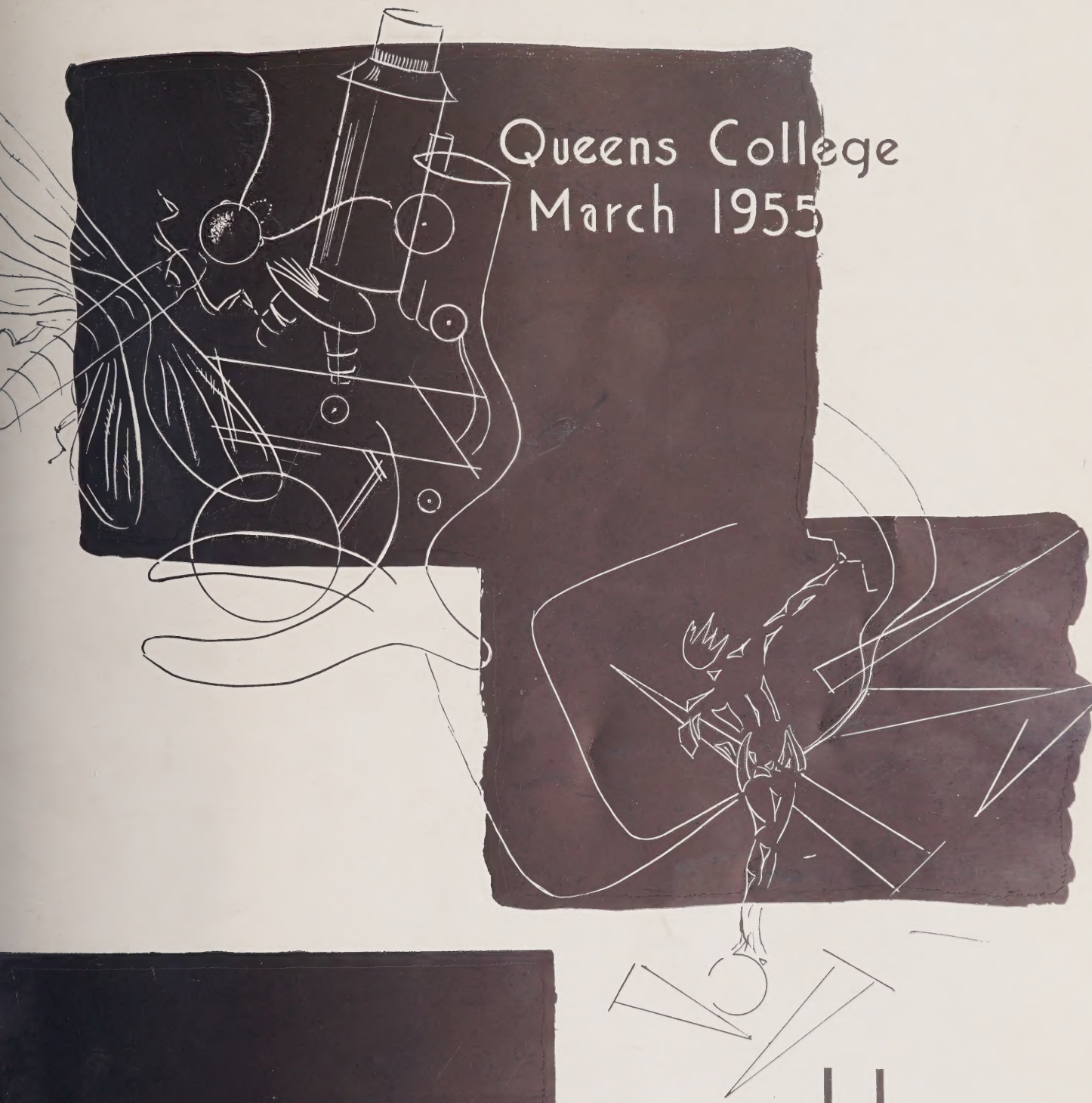

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March 1955

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THE BLUE QUILL

MARCH 1955

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QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Page

NEWS ARTICLES

Christian Re-emphasis Week at Queens 3
AKG Sponsors Marriage Programs 3
Work of Alumnae Association at Queens 4
Photography Club Formed 4
Spanish Club Activities 4
Three Scientists Lecture at Queens 5
Pan-Hellenic Holds Workshop 5
Swimming Club is Organized 6
Valentine Sock Hop Held in Gym 6
Music News 7
John Ericson Visits Queens 7
Lecturers at Queens 8
Day Student Activities 8
Presentation of Romeo and Juliet 8

FEATURES

Dr. Pickens Goes to Germany 5
Mural Decorates Diana's Den 7
Kappa Delta Wins Award 8
Hospitality Weekend at Queens 9
The Case of the Missing Legs or Dame Fashion Wins Again . . 10

EDITORIALS

A Sense of Personal Honor 11
Thanks to Dr. Jones 11
Wanted: An Education 11
Progress! 12
Many Thanks, Leaders! 12
Education and Participation 13

SKETCH

Directions to a College Girl on How to be a Good Roommate . . . Betty McGeachy 16

P

ESSAYS

A Denial of the Philosophers . . .Emmie Hay . . . . .
The Keynote of Queens . . . Peggy Brice . . . . .
Some Thoughts on Education for Women . . . Lindsay Marshall . . . . .

SHORT STORIES

His Last Desire . . . Betty Anne Cross . . . . .
My Comedy of Errors . . . Phyllis Knorr . . . . .
The Green Dress . . . Amanda Adams . . . . .
Black Cat . . . Mary Ann Dover . . . . .

POETRY

The Future . . . Mary McLaney . . . . .
Contrast . . . Lindsay Marshall . . . . .
I Give Up . . . Marjorie Blankenship . . . . .
Desolation . . . Peggy Brice . . . . .
The Journey . . . Emmie Neyle Hay . . . . .
To a Two-Year Old . . . Richard Stavrakas . . . . .
God Speaks . . . Amanda Adams . . . . .
The Search . . . Mary McLaney . . . . .
Three Black Trees . . . Ann Mauldin . . . . .
Try This First . . . Carolyn Moffat . . . . .

BOOK REVIEWS

American Youth in Battle, BATTLE CRY, Leon Uris; Gary Brady . . . . .
Royal Ancestress, KATHERINE, Anya Seton; Lynn Biles . . .
The Terrible Miss Dove, GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE, Frances Gray Patton; Mitzi Green . . . . .
A Modern Fairy Tale, THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS, James Thurber; Betty McGeachy . . . . .
Time for Laughter, NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS, Mac Hyman; Emmie Hay . . . . .

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Christian Re-emphasis Week At Queens

During the week of February 21-25 Christian Re-Emphasis eek was held at Queens College. The guest speaker this ar was Dr. William T. Martin, Jr., pastor of the First esbyterian Church of Tallahassee, Florida.

A native of Raleigh, North Carolina, Dr. Martin received A.B. in history at the University of North Carolina in 42. While in college he was active in many student ac- ities and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, was chosen "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities," ved on the executive board of National Student Federa- n of America, and was president of the North Carolina deration of College Students and of the Southern Asso- tion of College Students and Press Representatives.

For four years after his graduation from college Dr. artin served in the United States Navy. Following his charge in 1946, he attended law school for a brief time the University of North Carolina and Harvard. He then nsferred to Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, rginia, where he graduated in 1950 with a B.D. degree, *m laude*. Having been awarded a fellowship for study road, he then spent about two years studying at New llege, University of Edinburgh, Edinburgh, Scotland. He o studied for a short period of time at the University of Andrews. Dr. Martin was president of American and erseas Students at the University of Edinburgh, where was awarded a Ph.D. degree in Theology and Education. March, 1952, Dr. Martin went to Tallahassee to become e minister of the First Presbyterian Church there.

Dr. Martin is active in civic as well as church organiza- ns in Tallahassee and has gained experience in working th young people through his work as a member of the Student Work Committee and adviser to the Youth Council of the Synod of Florida.

As his theme for Christian Re-Emphasis Week Dr. Martin chose "The Abundant Life." A well organized schedule had been planned for each day of the week. He spoke during chapel period every morning and for an hour each evening. On Monday and Wednesday nights discussions were held following his talks. Students were invited to schedule individual conferences with Dr. Martin during afternoons to talk over personal problems with him. Each morning during the week the chapel was open from 7:15 to 7:30 for prayer and meditation. The Queens Christian Association also had a tea in honor of Dr. Martin on Wednesday afternoon in Stultz.

In preparation for Christian Re-Emphasis Week discussion groups were held in the dormitories for several Thursday nights preceding that week. The Hut was open from 6:30 to 7:00 for a short worship service for several nights during the week preceding, and devotional booklets were compiled by the students and distributed among them for use during the days before Christian Re-Emphasis Week.

—C. McI.

AKG Sponsors Marriage Programs

Alpha Kappa Gamma, honorary leadership fraternity on Queens Campus, is sponsoring a series of discussions on marriage. These meetings are open to juniors and seniors and are designed to give a mature approach to the various phases of married life. To guide these discussions AKG has invited speakers who are especially qualified to talk on the various subjects.

The first discussion, held on February 10, was on "The Marriage Ceremony and Its Meaning," led by Dr. Lawrence Stell, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church. Other programs which have been planned include a discussion on "Careers After Marriage," led by Dr. Walker. Dr. John Woltz, a well-known obstetrician in Charlotte, will speak on "The Role of Sex in Marriage." For the subject "Economic Problems in Marriage" AKG has invited a special representative from the Union National Bank to discuss budgeting, banking, insurance, and other financial matters. To close the series there will be a discussion on "God in Your Home." For the leader of this AKG has chosen Mr. C. W. Gilchrist, a layman from Trinity Presbyterian Church, to be the speaker.

Alpha Kappa Gamma expects these discussions to prove so beneficial to the students in planning their marriages that they will be continued as a project every year.

—E. H.

WORK OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION AT QUEENS

The Alumnae Association of Queens College has accomplished much since it was formed in 1902. When the Alumnae Association was first organized, the members undertook three jobs: to beautify the grounds and buildings, to give the college publicity and interest other alumnae, and to raise a scholarship fund for the education of some deserving girl. These objectives have been kept with various changes through the years to keep pace with the growth of the college and the Association.

The first banquet and reunion was held in 1905. The first alumnae secretary was appointed in 1914, and in 1928 the first fifty-year reunion class was honored. Books were added to the library. In 1918 the alumnae were asked to assist with the endowment fund. By bringing outstanding musical artists to Charlotte money was raised for this project. Through the years the alumnae have been called upon to help with some of the more pressing needs of the college.

The main purpose of organization of alumnae is to provide reunion times for those who spent their years at Queens together, to find inspiration in associating with the college, and to share in serving the college. Reunions are planned for each class every five years. Special emphasis is placed on the fifty-year, the twenty-five-year, the five-year, and the one-year classes. Before graduating, the seniors elect permanent officers through whom the alumnae office works for that particular class.

The program of the alumnae office today is trying to reach in many directions. Recently there has been a great deal of work with organized chapters. Dr. Walker has been visiting many of them and talking with them about the present activities of Queens and the new trends in education. A new chapter has recently been organized in Greenville, South Carolina.

Many alumnae are interested in student recruitment. A number have represented Queens at high schools in various cities and have entertained prospective students in their homes. Others have represented the college at inaugural programs when the distance was too great for a faculty or staff member to be present.

There is an increasing interest on the part of the alumnae in scholarships. The Washington and Charlotte chapters have both contributed to the college scholarship fund for this year and next year. The scholarship recently given for the 1955-56 term was the money gained for a bridge-canasta party held by the Charlotte chapter in the physical-education building. There is an alumnae fund which is used to help the administration and to aid with special projects at the college. Some of this money is used for scholarships; some, for alumnae organization work; and some, for special events such as Founder's Day and Homecoming.

The Charlotte chapter last year cooperated in securing patrons for Queens. In 1952 they completely refinished the infirmary. A member who is an interior decorator assisted in the decoration of Blair Union, the lounge in Morrison, and the faculty lounge. She is now working with the Queens Christian Association in plans for redecorating the Hut. At the beginning of this year during Orientation Week, the chapter provided transportation to a vesper service at Camp Stewart and Sunday evening entertainment and a buffet supper in the dining hall. At exam time in January they assisted with a coffee-coke party in Burwell. Later in the year they plan to participate in the career program, and in March they are planning a "Back to College Day" when they will attend classes and spend the day on the campus.

All colleges feel that the ultimate quality of any educational institution depends upon the performance of its former students. Therefore, alumnae are encouraged to take part in projects which will demonstrate the fact that their education led them to a greater understanding of responsibility to others. Dr. Walker wishes them to become more aware in the future of responsibility in all areas with emphasis on a closely knit organization and contributions to Queens.

The alumnae office has constant c respondence with alumnae and alumn organizations. It keeps in touch wi them through the Alumnae Journal, t message from the President's Desk, a other publications which the sch sends out. The information about ea member is usually kept up to da Mrs. Barron states that the alumn wish to know the needs of the colle to know the student body, and to ke in touch with new educational tren especially at Queens. She emphasiz the fact that they can be a definite as to Queens by adding experience to t atmosphere.

—S. A.

Photography Club Formed

Last October a group of students terested in photography met with I Edwin R. Walker for the purpose forming a photography club. Out of t meeting grew the present Camera Clu

The club meets on Tuesday nigh with Mr. R. E. Crump of Charlotte the instructor and Dr. Mildred McEw as the faculty adviser. Some of the p grams thus far have included maki portraits, developing film, printing n atives, and viewing slides.

It is the future aim of the club help promote Queens through pho graphs.

—N.

Spanish Club Activiti

The Queens Spanish Club which w organized last fall has been active in cent months. On January 5, 1955, Circulo de Español held its first me ing of the new year at the home of M Mary Schickedantz. The program whi was presented by Miss Schickeda consisted of the showing of color sli taken in Mexico. After the movie freshments in keeping with the Mexic theme were served.

The February meeting of the Sp ish Club took place on the third of t month. The members of El Club de pañol of Davidson College were gue of the Queens club. A Spanish mo was shown, and Mexican and Span songs were sung.

—S.

Three Scientists Lecture At Queens

Since February 1 three men outstanding in the field of ence have spoken on the Queens College campus. They : Dr. Tomlinson Fort, mathematician; Dr. Karl Ditt- r, chemist; and Dr. Werner A. Baum, meteorologist.

On Tuesday morning February 1 Dr. Fort lectured on nalytic Geometry as presented by Descartes." The next a panel discussion was held in Ninniss Auditorium the entire student body. To stimulate thinking Irene lliams of Charlotte and Marianne Gills of Bluefield, Va., asked questions pertaining to mathematics. Another ture, "Numerical Evaluation of the Sum of an Infinite ies," was given later the same morning.

Dr. Fort was for many years head of the department of thematics at the University of Georgia and is now head mathematics at the University of South Carolina.

The next lecturer, Dr. Karl Dittmer, spoke in Belk apel at a noon convocation on February 11. "What is nificant Research" was the topic of his talk. Dr. Dittmer nted out the significance of research in relation to man's ds. Since 1949 Dr. Dittmer has headed the chemistry partment at Florida State University. He is a specialist in field of biochemistry.

Dr. Werner A. Baum, another member of the faculty Florida State University, spoke to the students and fac- on February 18 in Belk Chapel. Head of the depart- nt of meteorology at Florida State, Dr. Baum discussed eteorology, Science or Art." The major part of his lec- e was devoted to a discussion of the weather map as a ic tool for meteorological research. Besides being head his department at FSU, Dr. Baum is now editor-in-chief the *Journal of Meteorology*, the official publication of American Meteorological Society.

—A. A.

Pan-Hellenic Holds Workshop

The annual Pan-Hellenic Workshop was held on Feb- ry 17, in Ninniss Auditorium. The guest speaker was s. John D. Elliot of Charlotte, who spoke on "Pan-Hel- ic Effectiveness On a Small Woman's Campus."

At the conclusion of her talk the alumnae of the various rority chapters on campus led discussion groups at the rority houses, during which problems confronting the so- ties were discussed and analyzed. The topics discussed re: Intersorority Relations, Grooming Sorority Girls To- rd Later Civic Affairs, Pan-Hellenic's Responsibility To- rd Scholarship Standards, How Sororities Can Procure Sympathy and Cooperation of the Administration, and orority Relations With Non-Sorority Girls.

Following the workshop a banquet was held for the akers and the Queens Pan-Hellenic Council.

—E. M.

DR. PICKENS GOES TO GERMANY

On March 30 Dr. Andrew L. Pickens, associate professor of biology and geography at Queens College, will sail for Würzburg, Germany, where he will speak to the *Union Internationale pour l'etude des Insectes Sociantes* on the subject "Links and Gaps in the Caste Arrangement of Termites."

Dr. Pickens became interested in termites when he was a small boy. He had a "whole dynasty" of pet chickens which chippered gleefully and gratefully whenever anyone turned over an infected piece of wood and let them feed on the termites contained therein. This interested him in termites mainly as chicken feed. Since that time he has become more and more interested in termites and has done a great deal of work studying them.

Because of some bio-geographical work which he did in the Carolina Piedmont, he received an invitation to serve as field biologist of the Termite Investigation Committee of the University of California. A thesis he wrote on the subject was published in part in several chapters of "Termites and Termite Control." Dr. Pickens also did most of the maps in that volume.

He continued with independent research and was soon invited to join the international society. In the *Scientific Monthly* for October, 1947, his work was evaluated by Dr. C. H. Kennedy of Ohio State University. Dr. S. J. Light of the University of California and Dr. G. B. Castle, now of the University of Montana, have done a great deal to publicize his theories as to the origin of the caste system among termites. These theories have also been presented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the North Carolina Academy.

An article of Dr. Pickens's conjectures and observations appeared in a Paris entomological journal not long ago.

(Continued on page 13)

SWIMMING CLUB IS ORGANIZED

Because of the growing interest in swimming at Queens College, a synchronized swimming club has been formed. The idea, which was originated by the Recreation Association Council, was introduced to the student body and received a good response from the Queens students.

Try-outs to determine membership were held in December and were judged by three instructors of swimming. These three were Lynn Barnes, Farris Cannon, and Frank Turner. The adviser of this committee was Miss Nancy Maples. In order to be admitted to the swimming club, the following things had to be performed by the swimmers: a standing front dive, pike surface dive, back dolphin, sculling (back and forth), breast stroke, front crawl, back crawl, side stroke, floating, treading water, rigid jump, and swimming to music individually and in mass. Seventeen passed the test at the first try-outs, and three passed at the second try-out.

Officers were elected at the first meeting; they are Lynne Barnes, president; Ann Timanus, vice-president; Farris Cannon, secretary; Lib Lipscomb, treasurer; and Frank Turner, program chairman. The official name, "Queens of the Sea," was chosen.

In the spring "Queens of the Sea" hopes to present a water pageant for the students. Plans for this event will be announced later in the year.

—E. L.

Valentine Sock Hop Held In Gym

A Valentine Sock Hop, held in Ovens Physical Education Building on Saturday, February 12 from 8:00 P.M. to 11:30 P.M., highlighted the activities of Hospitality Weekend at Queens. The entertainment for the evening included bridge, dancing, and a coronation ceremony at 10:00 P.M. Hospitality Weekend guests and boys from Wofford and Davidson Colleges attended upon special invitation.

As a main part of the evening's festivities Mr. Sidney A. Forsythe, associate professor of sociology, and Miss Rena Harrell, librarian, were crowned King and Queen of Hearts. Prior to the hop the student body elected the king and queen and their court from the members of the faculty and staff. The court was composed of Miss Nancy Maples and Dr. L. H. Chewning; Miss Sarah Nooe and Dr. Lawrence R. Nichols; Mrs. Carrie B. Green and Dr. Herbert V. Carson; Miss Laura A. Tillett and Mr. John H. Norman; Miss Thelma Albright and Dr. Edwin R. Walker; and Miss Mary Lee Taylor and Dr. Philip J. Green. The crown bearers for the king and queen were Mrs. Edwin R. Walker and Dean Gordon Sweet. Dr. William W. Snyder, accompanied by Mrs. Virginia McLean, represented Cupid. The king and queen and their court were attired as typical college students —as seen through the eyes of the faculty.

The proceeds of the Sock Hop, which was sponsored by the Queens Co-ordinating Council and the Social Committee, will be used for the redecoration of the Hut. Serving on the social committee were Mary Jo Patton and Jane Vick, co-chairmen, and Jane Basinger, Susanne Branch, Nan Breyman, and Nelle Bush.

—P. S.

Ladies' Apparel

MILDRED'S SHOP

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Music News

On February 14 the Queens College hoir presented a program at the Char-tte Music Club. The program included ne following numbers: "Jesu Dulcis lemoria," Vittoria; "A Solis Ortus Car-ne," Binchois; "Psalm Twenty-Five," eJeune; "When Jesus Wept," William illings; and "Magnificat" by Ralph aughn-Williams with Mildred Reid soloist. Mildred Reid also sang three mpositions by Anita Dixon and two umbers by Samuel Barber. Jean Miller ayed "The Third Piano Sonata" by incent Persichetti.

On February 7 pupils of Elsie Mose-y were presented in a piano concerto cital. Students participating were Caro-n Heffner, Catherine Calhoun, Doro-y Clark, Beverly Kennedy, Julia Mit-ell, Margaret Wright, and Jean Mil-r. The orchestra accompaniments were ayed on a second piano by Nancy agle, John Morrison, and Elsie Mose-y.

On February 22 the Chamber Orches-a under the direction of Melvin Sipe esented their second concert. The ueens College Choir sang compositions Bach, William Byrd, and Vittoria. arl Berg sang arias from Cantatas 46 d 182 by Bach. Anita Dixon was piano loist in the Mozart "Concerto in A ajor," and Mildred Reid sang "Salve egina" by Pergolesi. The orchestra ayed "Concerto Grosso" by Ernest och and "Symphony No. 5" by Wil-am Boyce.

The Queens College Choir and the rinceton Glee Club will present a joint ncert on April 2. The program will clude selections by the separate choirs d the first scene of the first act from enry Purcell's opera, *Dido and Aneas,* th the combined choirs.

On April 17 the choir will leave on its nual tour. The choir, composed of enty-seven members, is especially in-rested in performing selections from e fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth nturies and the contemporary period.

On May 6 Anita Dixon will present r senior piano recital, and on May 11 senior voice recital will be presented Mildred Reid.

Dates will be announced later for sev-al other student recitals.

—J. M.

Mural Decorates Diana's Den

Life at Queens has been captured in the interesting modernistic mural found in Diana's Den, the student store. The keynote of this mural is, naturally, the figure of Diana, copied from the statue by Anna Hyatt Huntington which is located in the south courtyard.

The mural was planned under the direction of Mrs. Rebecca Bryant, art instructor at Queens then, now Mrs. Rebecca Tatlock. Designs were submitted by four art students: Miss Patricia Deady, Roanoke, Va.; Miss Barbara Tillson, Richmond, Va.; Miss Sheila Gottlieb, and Mr. Henry Kmeic, both of Charlotte. Pat's design was selected after it had been redone in the colors which had been chosen for the new student store. "My design," Pat says, "is not especially symbolic. It's just a lot of lines and things, and that isn't a television set in back of Diana like everybody thinks. It's just a big black blob."

The wall was divided into sections, and each of the students was responsible for reproducing a portion of the mural. Work on this took them about three months, and the mural was finished in the spring of 1952. "It was an awful place to work," Pat commented. "We got pushed, bumped, and rattled around —that's what accounts for some of the unusual effects of the paint." Not all of the job was work, however, for the artists in a moment of fun even applied bright red nail polish to Diana's right foot. This was later removed as being undignified.

Dr. Charlton C. Jernigan, late president of Queens and founder of the student store, had originally planned for the mural to be changed every year. The student body has become so used to seeing the mural now, however, that it has become as much a part of the store as its booths and counter and is definitely more decorative.

—C. M.

John Ericson Visits Queens

On Monday afternoon, January 24, John Ericson, young Hollywood actor, made a short visit to the campus of Queens College. He was accompanied by his wife, Milly Coury, a press agent from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the manager of the Plaza Theater.

Ericson was welcomed by the students in the North Parlor of Burwell, where he answered their questions and told a little about life as an actor. He is on tour for MGM as publicity for the latest movie in which he is a star, "Bad Day at Black Rock."

—E. T.

LECTURERS AT QUEENS

On February 8 Henry C. Wolfe, well-known authority on foreign affairs, spoke in Belk Chapel. Mr. Wolfe is the author of such articles as "The German Octopus" and "The Imperial Soviets."

In his lectures Mr. Wolfe concentrates on the particular scene where world history is being made. This past summer Mr. Wolfe was in Italy studying the Scelba government's campaign against the Communists. Editorial page articles have been published with Mr. Wolfe's by-line in *The Wall Street Journal*, the Cincinnati *Times Star*, and other leading newspapers in which he has challenged the statement that the Kremlin has Italy in its power.

The last scheduled speaker on the lecture series will be John Mason Brown,

contributing editor of *The Saturday Review*. He will speak in Belk Chapel on April 29.

Mr. Brown received his education Harvard University, where he was member with Thomas Wolfe and Phil Barry of the "57 Workshop." In 19 he went abroad to spend a year studyi the European theater. He joined t staff of *Theatre Arts* as associate edit upon his return to this country in 192 He went to the New York *Post* as dra critic in 1929, and moved to the *Wor Telegram* in 1941. He is at present d matic critic of *The Saturday Revie* He has taught at Harvard, Yale, Colu bia, and the University of Montana a has become one of the most successf critics and lecturers of literature a the theater.

—M. C

Day Student Activities

The last meeting of Day Student Council was held on Thursday, February 10. This meeting was centered around an evaluation of the year's work since this council's duties began last April.

Included in the year's activities were an April Showers tea for the faculty, a tea for new students in July, personal letters to new students, a party and an afternoon coffee during Orientation Week, cookie sales in May and November, a float in the Carrousel Parade, the redecoration of Blair Union, a Christmas faculty coffee, a Valentine party for all day students, and the Sock Hop on February 12.

Jackie Jetton, president of Day Student Council, stated that on the whole the year has been a successful one and that most of the plans which were made at the beginning of the year have been carried out.

—R. R.

Kappa Delta Wins Award

On February 3 Dr. Edwin Walk presented Kappa Delta Sorority with certificate for $50. This money w awarded to the sorority who had ma the greatest improvement in the outwa appearance of its house.

At the beginning of the school ye Dr. Walker appointed a committee work secretly to watch the progress each sorority house. The Kappa Delt dug up old shrubbery and planted gra They painted the outside of the hou and kept the entrances clean and nea The committee, therefore, decided th they deserved the award.

With the $50, which was taken fro the school treasury, the sorority boug new shrubs to be placed in front of t house.

—A.

Presentation of Romeo and Juliet

The members of the Gardner-Webb chapter of Delta Psi Omega Fraternity (drama fraternity) presented Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* February 9, 10, 1955, in Ninniss Auditorium. The play was under the direction of Mr. John Y. Hamrick and Miss Phyllis Smith, student director.

About thirty members of the fraternity came to Charlotte from Boiling Springs, North Carolina, to present the play. This presentation marked the start of an exchange of productions between the two colleges. During March the Queens Players are planning to present the play *The Willow and I* on their campus as well as on the Queens College campus.

This exchange of plays and players is being established in order to promote and to develop a stronger interest in drama on both campuses.

—F. C.

HOSPITALITY WEEKEND AT QUEENS

On Wednesday, February 16, in a ceremony in Ninniss group of Queens students and faculty was presented with ry high honors. Miss Ann Perry and Miss Emily Kimrey ade the awards to individuals who had gone "above and yond the call of duty" toward making a great success the annual Hospitality Weekend which had taken place er the previous weekend.

Because of the service of these and many others who lped in large and small amounts, the fifty-six visiting high-hool girls seemed to have an enjoyable time. Many ated that they were definitely coming to Queens, and ose who were undecided seemed very favorably impressed ith the school—its campus, its students, and its faculty. he usual Queens spirit of friendship prevailed and prob-ly helped the visitors to make up their minds.

Saturday night was the climax of the weekend. It began with a water ballet in the gym pool given by members of the "Queens of the Sea" and several swimming classes. The visitors then enjoyed dancing and bridge at the Sock Hop. A coronation of a king and queen of hearts gave them a good idea of the human side of our faculty. Many girls later expressed their enjoyment of the entire evening.

The following morning the visitors and many of the Queens students could sleep a little later and receive their breakfast in bed from the sophomores, who were raising money for the Hut. Sunday school and church and then a good Sunday dinner ended the weekend.

—B. McG.

The girls arrived Friday afternoon and evening. After a ndlelight dinner they were entertained with a coffee in urwell. That night was spent in making friends with ueens girls and the other visitors, and at ten o'clock an en house was held in each of the sorority houses. Large owds attended these parties, where they received light freshments and gay fellowship.

Saturday morning the visitors attended classes in which ey were interested and conferred with faculty members their selected major fields. That afternoon was spent in tting better acquainted with Queens and with Charlotte. me of the girls went shopping with their hostesses and ends; others went on organized tours of the campus; still hers relaxed and rested in the dorms.

The Case of The Missing Legs or Dame Fashion Wins Again

A cold spell strikes the southland, and on the campus of Queens College, among a certain group of girls, red, blue, white, and charcoal legs are replacing the traditional natural ones. What has happened to the girls? Has the weather caused this? No, it is a case where the world of fashion has ruled again. This time the style is to wear long knee socks with everything—this "everything" includes walking shorts, skirts and sweaters, and even pajamas. For once fashion has dictated in a practical way, for these socks are warm.

Famous last words were uttered last fall by many of the girls when they said that they would never wear long walking socks with walking shorts. They were overruled, however, by Dame Fashion. Before Christmas a few of the fashion leaders on the campus appeared in long socks with skirts and received many behind-the-hand laughs and more emphatic statements from those who said that they would not be caught dead with anything that looks as horrible as a pair of blue legs. Guess who some of the first converts were? The ones who yelled the loudest in protest.

Someone even went so far as to say that we were reverting to the nineteenth century when long black socks were the "rage" and were even worn with bathing suits. The law of the land enforced modesty in those days!

But it is the same old story. Fashion roars; some cringe; some protest; some give in—then everyone gives in, for who likes to be different!

—S. W.

A Denial Of The Philosophers

Emmie Hay

The philosopher or theologian wh states that God cannot be perceive through the senses is a fool. Communic with God is not limited to extra-senso perception, and I here defy him wh says that it is. Such a man needs to hav the mist cleared from his vision, to hav his ears and nose unstopped, to hav feeling restored to his fingertips an taste to his mouth. If his senses are n impaired, then he is living in a vacuu which he himself has created. Althoug my claim seems dogmatic and rash, can prove it through my own experienc

I have seen God. Those who thin that I am profaning the religion of m fathers will ask me, unbelievingly, ho I have been so singularly blessed as look in the face of the Almighty. I hav seen him in the incredible blue of mountain lake. I have seen him in th laughing yellow face of a daffodil. raging storm has shown me his powe His glory has been displayed before m in the radiant, many-hued dawning. the face of a friend I have beheld h love.

An old hymn speaks of the "fragran of his garments." I have found th fragrance in the perfect perfume of rose. It emanates from rich, brown ear that has been freshly turned, from th smoke of a wood fire in autumn a from a clear, fresh pool lying in prote tive shade.

Many times I have heard the unm takable voice of God. He speaks to m in the tall pines. I have heard his foo steps in the rustling grass. The crashi waves shout his anger; the lullaby of mother sings his love.

(Continued on page 16)

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As We See It

A Sense of Personal Honor

We are fortunate at Queens to have and to maintain an onor System. We have good reason to be proud of the uiet and confidential work of the Honor Council. This nd of Honor System is that for which many other colleges d universities have striven and have failed. But anything hich is of worth must be guarded against weakness.

We realize that rules and regulations are necessary for y communal living, whether it be home, town, or school. ut the smoothly-running system is not affected by these les and regulations. The success or failure of our system any other lies in the sense of personal honor of the indidual. The attitude of getting by with as much as possible ithout violating the honor code or breaking a rule is a gn, although not visible, that personal honor is on the wngrade and that our honor code, which is so precious us, is being threatened. John Milton realized this fundaental tenet and expressed in his "Areopagitica" the belief at virtue could not be procured by licensing or legislation.

The same is true at Queens; our Honor System, our other stems based on the needs and fundamental rights of each dividual, and our ideals have not been made a reality by e enforcement of student, faculty, or administrative regutions alone. Instead, these are made possible by the inost convictions of each student, faculty, and administran member.

Throughout history agencies have sought again and again suppress what they believed to be the evils of the time. heir efforts have brought forth even greater evils, such as e methods of the Spanish Inquisition and the illegal proction and sale of alcoholic beverages during Prohibition ys. People will not be legislated against their beliefs. For is reason, we believe that more emphasis should be placed on developing and enlarging a sense of personal honor an upon regulations to protect our Honor Policy and the eals of our college.

—B. C.

Thanks to Dr. Jones

Dr. James A. Jones, pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian urch since 1939, is leaving Charlotte. This distinguished d gifted preacher has been chosen to be the new president Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia.

During the sixteen years that Dr. Jones has been in Charte, he has been prominent in church and community acities. Among the many capacities in which he has served e these: Chairman of the General Council of the Presbyian Church, U. S.; 1954 Moderator of the Synod of North rolina; Chairman of the Fields Committee and Vice-airman of the Board of World Missions; and a member the Board of Trustees of Davidson College. He also was preacher for the Presbyterian Hour in the mid-winter ies of 1950 and has been a frequent speaker at commenceents and preaching missions. From October, 1948, to arch, 1949, he visited the Belgian Congo and Brazil with deputation of Christian leaders. Dr. Jones was asked to urn to Africa in 1952 to confer again with missionaries d native preachers.

Dr. Jones has been an invaluable leader in Charlotte and the Presbyterian Church. He has been a member of the Board of Trustees of Queens since 1941. In this capacity he has served as Secretary of the Board and as a member of the Executive Committee. He has been a frequent chapel speaker and has dedicated two of our new buildings—the Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall and the David Ovens Physical Education Building. Thus, Dr. Jones has rendered valuable and unselfish service to every Queens student.

Although the acceptance of this high position will give Dr. Jones an opportunity to be of greater service to the Presbyterian Church, he will leave a void in the hearts of those with whom he has worked here in Charlotte. He has endeared himself not only to the members of his church but also to other Charlotteans and especially to the family of Queens College. He will be greatly missed in Charlotte. We hate to lose Dr. Jones, but we wish him great success in the new position to which he has been called.

—S. S.

Wanted: An Education

Oliver La Farge's article, "We Need Private Schools," in a recent issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, contained two especially interesting comments: "A great many schools fail to provide that most fudamental thing of all, an education" and, in speaking of undergraduates, "They can't write." Both statements seem to be true.

The circumstances of his second comment are a result of his first. Today schools attach so much importance to grades that students too often work for grades alone. Real education seems to have been shoved into the background. In preparing for tests and examinations, students memorize enough material necessary to tell whether twenty-five statements are true or false, to choose the correct one of three answers in a group of multiple-choice questions, or to list the five principles of some plan, policy, or idea. When the test is over, the memory work goes the way of all such hastily acquired knowledge. There are, of course, some ambitious students who learn and retain all they can from every course they take. But when the test grades come out, it is difficult to distinguish between the ambitious students and the other students. Over-stressed grades are not a very good indication of student's abilities, even though they do please the bill-paying parents.

A real trial of students' mentality is the essay question, a dread and a horror for the average student. Why do students dislike the essay question? Mr. La Farge says it is because "they can't write." They may be able to collect their thoughts well enough to answer the question orally, but they cannot express themselves well in writing. In many high schools little stress is put upon writing; consequently, when students from these schools reach college, writing is difficult for them. Too often these students are not taught to write in college. To make matters worse, a large number of students cannot spell. Any college that does not correct these faults at least in part is failing to provide an education for its students.

Someone is at fault somewhere. The students are not to blame if they have not been taught to write and to spell.

Of course, those students who plainly do not try are at fault, but the willing learners are the real students who are entitled to an education. One cannot place all the blame on students who have learned that a little last-minute memory work is all that is required to pass a test or an exam. Many colleges are producing the proverbial "uneducated Ph.D.'s," those people who are lost outside their own field and who cannot relate their special knowledge to the world in general. A degree is supposed to indicate an education, a well-rounded education at that.

Teachers and professors need to wake up to the full realization of their responsibilities. The job of educating rests upon their shoulders. Surely they know what a real education is. Let us hope it is never said that Queens College produces any uneducated B.S.'s or B.A.'s.

—M. A. D.

Progress!

In the words of Dr. J. R. Cunningham of Davidson College, "And so, it gives me peculiar pleasure to present Dr. Edwin R. Walker, president of Queens College." So might Dr. Walker be introduced anywhere, with peculiar pleasure. For it is both distinctive and with pleasure that we have him as our administrative head.

Distinctive or peculiar how? Because underneath a reserved exterior is a smooth operation of a well-trained mind, a just heart, and a born leader. Of this, his schooling, his colleagues, and his accomplishments are evidence and foundation enough.

But what of pleasure? Dr. Walker has made a penetrating impression on Queens already. We are pleased about this impression and have high hopes of the prospects in the future. Let us take a tour of the campus and locate some of these future prospects. For our first look let us go to the Science Building. There, on a large board in the faculty lounge, is an artist's version of Queens College. Just a few moments study of this drawing will bring a very interesting thing to the attention: there are *at least* two buildings on that drawing that are not now a part of the college plant. Buildings for which we are and have been in need. How far in the future? We can only hope it is not the too distant future, for those buildings will add in large measure to the attractiveness of Queens to students of high caliber.

For every solid wall there must be continuing support; however, Dr. Walker and the board of Trustees have taken care of that, also. Let us go to the Registrar's Office in Burwell Hall to see how this was done. Let us compare a new catalogue with last year's issue of the catalogue. A few moments study will bring *this* fact to the attention: tuition has been raised. As we expand, as our present plant grows old gracefully, the cost of maintenance and face-lifting continues to grow and expand. There is no "status quo" in the physical condition of any college and Queens; to keep on the upgrade we must adjust to face normal endowment, expansion, salary, and insurance coverage conditions. Another facet yet appears under the little catalogue paragraph entitled scholarships. Our scholarships are a big advantage to students who could not otherwise attend college. Scholarship opportunities are slowly but steadily increasing. This fact is worthy of note as far as Queens' policy is concerned. A school which goes to the trouble and added expense offering scholarship aid must certainly have interest education from a creditable point of view.

Because we are making a campus tour let us take now representative classroom building and visit there. In o Student Union Building are two important things: on offices of some of the teachers, and two, large classroom Here it is that that creditable point of view of education put into practice. From these and other offices come teache that are better and better qualified in their respective field If a teacher-roster of twenty-five years ago were to be co pared with today's roster, it could be seen how the numb of teachers with more than one degree is increasing. N is this the only important fact concerning our faculty. Th year when Dr. Walker held a series of faculty meetin to talk of his plans and program for Queens and his philo ophy of education, the faculty were much impressed. Th they should show such mutual interest from the very fi is a very good sign. Some student opinion seems to indica that the new interest and happy attitude of the faculty h been shown in the exam period just past. Those studen seem to think that as a generalization, the examinations we fairer and the classroom preparation of the semester mo adequate.

Last let us go to Belk Chapel on our tour. A stimulati of the search for knowledge may be shown in a multitu of ways, but of these not the least has been a wonderful varied group of chapel programs. There is no doubt b that our president has had a hand in the choice and a proval of many of these events.

It is, of course, true that many plans have been ma which would indicate the way to a greater Queens. It true that Queens has begun to be a "talked-about" college ever widening circles. But it is also true that where at tim we have had push which is not so easily controlled, we no have pull. It is the hope of *The Blue Quill* that the studen will rise with the college and keep pace with a greatly a vancing institution under the leadership of Dr. Edwin Walker.

—W.

Many Thanks, Leaders!

As the spring term approaches and the political whe swing into action, students again begin thinking of tho who can best guide them through another year. As caref consideration is given, it is worthwhile to remember t leadership of the year that is ending. For the past year t consistent leadership of the major campus organizations h left a record of consistent progress.

Not long ago one of the yard men, grinning and shaki his head, remarked, "M'am, just think of the work it tak to keep things going here." Too often we forget this fa as we attend well-planned chapel and vesper programs, enj the "dip" periods and the dances in the gym—the privileg of an orderly-well-run campus.

The three Student Councils, the Q.C.A., the R.A., a all the lesser organizations have quietly and effectively ma the year a pleasant and worthwhile one for the entire colle family. With the kind of guidance from their leaders th inspired co-operation from the rest of us, the year has be rich and meaningful.

As elections begin again, therefore, let us use the record the past year as a basis for the future. It has been a tough b that was rewarded with too little thanks for the "work takes to keep things going here."

—M. A. B.

Education and Participation

There are many opportunities here on Queens campus. et how few take advantage of these opportunities! We ave concerts given by students and members of our own culty. The dramatics department produces excellent plays roughout the year. But for these occasions Ninniss audirium is often less than half full.

A number of clubs have been organized in recent years. mong these are an international relations club, a camera ub, and a swimming club—all worthwhile organizations. ost of these groups, however, have an extremely small embership in relation to the number of students enrolled Queens. It is true, of course, that each student cannot long to every club, but she can belong to at least one these.

In the winter of 1952-53 Queens girls accepted a chalnge from President Jernigan to raise funds for a swimming ol. The girls accepted the challenge whole-heartedly and rough the "Bucket Brigade" acquired a pool for the David vens Physical Education Building. This is the type of -operation and participation that needs to be renewed at ueens.

Let us then take stock of our activities. Are we getting t of college what we should? An education does not con-t only of sitting in a classroom or reading in the library. Ve are here to learn to think. And it is only through whole-arted participation in many phases of campus life that e can gain that which can be truly called education.

—A. A.

THE FUTURE

Mary McLaney

Swirling mist,
Closing darkness,
Groping footsteps,
No path.
Parting curtains,
Fading blackness,
Growing light,
A road.

DR. PICKENS GOES TO GERMANY

(Continued from page 5)

llowing the appearance of this article the program comittee of the *Union Internationale* invited him to develop is subject further. His speech will deal with possible bioemical social control among social insects and related henomena.

The meeting will be held at Würzburg, up the Main from ankfurt-on-the-Main, in the Würzburg University built the sixteenth century.

—B. McG.

The Keynote of Queens

Peggy Brice

The vast majority of American colleges and universities are undergirded by certain principles and ideals of purposeful education. These principles do not widely differ. The underlying purpose of every college is primarily to provide facilities, opportunities, and direction for intellectual growth. Because I believe in liberal education, however, and because I see a purpose in church-supported schools, it is my belief that Queens College is playing a significant role in the education of young people. The significance of her role lies in what I believe is her keynote—a philosophy which undergirds the purpose of this school: What I am to be I am now becoming.

To me Queens is not a place of high ideals and noble aspirations; rather it is a place of indecision, frustration, and at times utter desolation. It is a place where ideas are born and then discarded, where hopes are dashed and ambitions dampened. The four years at Queens are a period of change and growth. Aspirations are modified; dreams are abandoned; faith is questioned. Disillusionment and disappointment prevail; young minds are baffled. Yet from this inward struggle can emerge a steadfast individual. A character can be molded; a personality can be shaped. From all of the doubt and confusion is distilled a maturity of thought that leads to true adulthood and creative living.

Queens would not be serving its purpose if it introduced students into an ideal situation. College must present difficulties; it must also, however, instill within each individual the knowledge, ability, and understanding to overcome these problems. Because accomplishing this purpose requires more than intellectual growth and because this college through liberal education provides an opportunity for emotional and spiritual as well as intellectual growth, I believe that this philosophy is the keynote of Queens, its heart, and its purpose to fulfill: What I am to be I am now becoming.

Some Thoughts on Education For Women

Lindsay Marshall

There is no doubt about it—marriage is here to stay. What's more, every normal woman has been aware of this fact from the time she was old enough to perceive the existence of an opposite sex. But if a girl who had just completed high school were told that she would spend the remaining years of her life as a mere slave to household chores and the producer of tomorrow's children—a conception of woman's role first advanced by primitive civilizations—she would certainly be highly disillusioned and insulted. And yet too often the average woman sets as her goal in life an aim just that primitive: she wants to get her man. Civilization, however, has come a long way from the Stone Age. As long as it is an accepted fact that the male mind is not superior to the female's, a woman must regard herself as a person capable of and responsible for becoming more than a rather mechanical production factor with the coveted title of "Mrs." No woman can be blamed for desiring marriage, for the security of a husband and home is just

(Continued on page 22)

BROWSING . . .

American Youth in Battle

Uris, Leon: *Battle Cry,* Putnam and Sons, New York: 1953, 505 pp., Reprint Edition $1.98.

In an excellent first novel Leon Uris has done what Mailer in *The Naked and the Dead* and Jones in *From Here to Eternity* failed to do. He has succeeded in presenting in *Battle Cry* the truest picture of American youth under the stress of war yet to come from the press. For this reason alone *Battle Cry* should be read and remembered by all Americans.

The people in *Battle Cry*—and they are people and not characters—come to life so vividly that they become acquaintances of the reader. The reader has that feeling of knowing these people and enjoying his contact with them. And the people of *Battle Cry* are not the dregs of humanity that are found in *From Here to Eternity*. There is Danny, a clean-cut football star, barely eighteen; Marion, affectionately called "Sister Mary" because of his love of the classics of music and literature; "Seabags," a blustering farmer from Texas; T. Q. Jones, a typical Southerner; Andy Hookans, a woodsman from the Northwest; Norton, the college professor who fathers the boys; and Colonel Huxley, who treats his men hard and rough because he realizes that this is the best way to help them save themselves once they are in combat.

These men and many others are bound together by one bond: the desire to be a Marine. The action begins in a railroad station in Baltimore, where we meet Danny, and follows the growing group of youths to the training base at San Diego, to Australia, to islands in the Pacific, and finally concludes in the railroad station in Baltimore. The hardships, fun, love affairs, and fighting of the men are related in part by an old Marine sergeant and partly through the omniscient point of view. The action moves swiftly at all times.

There are instances when Mr. Uris uses vulgar language, but he uses it only when called for by the situation. There is not the nauseating repetition of vulgarity used by Mailer and Jones. Throughout, the style of Mr. Uris is smooth and clear, leaving the reader almost breathless at times. The reader is carried along with dispatch, sometimes fearing the next page for the tragedy it may bring. When the reader finally reaches the climax, he is overcome by the power of it.

Battle Cry is superior to any other war novel of our time; and its virtue lies in its sincere and truthful presentation of American youth.

—Gary Brady

Royal Ancestress

Seton, Anya: *Katherine,* Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston: 1954, 588 pp., $3.95.

Skillfully and movingly Anya Seton tells the love story of Katherine Swynford and John of Gaunt in her latest novel *Katherine*. Katherine Swynford has been overlooked by many historians; but, as the author attempts to show, she is extremely important in English history.

Convent bred, Katherine is unaware of her beauty when she arrives at the English court where her sister Phillipa, who is engaged to Geoffrey Chaucer, is lady-in-waiting to the queen. When Sir Hugh Swynford, boorish knight in the retinue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, asks for her hand in marriage, she feels impelled to consent because of the queen's insistence. At her wedding Katherine is thrilled when the Duke and his lady, Blanche, attend. But when the Duke kisses her in accordance with custom, they experience strange fascination which they cannot overcome.

Sir Hugh takes his wife home to his run-down manor, Kettlethorpe. Alone much of the time, Katherine nearly dies in childbirth except for the timely arrival of the Duke. Grateful, she names the child Blanchette for the Duchess. Months later she learns that while the Duke is away at war, Blanche is dying alone in the castle. Leaving her own household, Katherine tenderly nurses the Duchess until Blanche's death. When the Duke returns, he is grief-stricken and sends for Katherine. Then they realize that they love one another.

Katherine returns to Kettlethorpe, and the Duke marries the Infanta of Castile. But John cannot forget Katherine and sends for her — ostensibly to see her husband. Unknown to Katherine and the Duke, John's servant poisons Sir Hugh. John asks Katherine to l come governess to his children, thus tablishing her in a secure position his household.

The two are happy together until t Peasants' Revolt. Then Blanchette he Brother William accuse her mother Sir Hugh's death. In the turmoil a shouting of the invasion Blanche flees. Katherine is so profoundly shak with her daughter's disappearance th she breaks off her relationship with t Duke and journeys to Walsingha where she finds real peace.

From Katherine's children, the ro line of England eventually descen Katherine becomes the ancestress of t Tudor line and the royal Stuart li Of John of Gaunt and Katherine Roet, the herald's daughter, it is tru said, "Thou shalt get kings though th be none."

—Lynn Bi

The Terrible Miss Dov

Patton, Frances Gray: *Good Morni Miss Dove,* Dodd Mead & Compa New York: 1954, 218 pp., $2.75.

Good Morning, Miss Dove is a sh novel written by Mrs. Frances G Patton to portray the old-fashion schoolteacher, known by some peo and imagined by others. Mrs. Patt tells how Miss Dove became influen in the small fresh-water town of L erty Hall, where she began teachi geography to the first six grades at t Cedar Grove Elementary School m than thirty years ago. During this ti Miss Dove became symbolic of go manners, correct posture, neat appe ance, and general conformity. To be student in Miss Dove's geography cl was inevitable. Although she was f quently referred to as "the terrible M Dove," she was loved by the people Liberty Hall.

The story of Miss Dove is told mos in flashbacks that begin the day she comes stricken with paralysis after o of her classes. Miss Dove is so engag on this particular Wednesday morni in April with David Burnham, the p fane young son of the town's minist that she tries to forget herself. A sudd pain down her spine and along right leg, however, brings her thoug back to herself; and she sends David

ne doctor. Bewilderment is experienced y everyone—David Burnham, her oung student; Thomas Baker, the doc-or; Alexander Burnham, the clergyman; ill Holloway, the policeman; Wesley vans, the man of unfortunate habits; nd all the others in Liberty Hall. From ne time she becomes ill until after her peration, incidents concerning her for-ner students are interwoven into the lot and reveal the character traits of Miss Dove as an unforgettable person.

Mrs. Patton has not written a master-iece in this current novel. She has, owever, presented quite effectively the nfluential position that a schoolteacher uch as Miss Dove is able to establish n a small town over a period of some hirty years. Mrs. Patton, in the lively tyle that she possesses, has written a elightful, humorous, although some-mes too sentimental, and somewhat ostalgic story of the old-fashioned chool teacher.

—Mitzi Green

A Modern Fairy Tale

Thurber, James: *The Thirteen Clocks,* Simon and Schuster, New York: 950, 124 pp., $3.00.

A most delightful book for light read-ng is James Thurber's *The Thirteen locks.* It serves as a welcome relief om the strain of today and calls forth ughter and smiles on every page.

The book begins with perhaps the vorite opening phrase of all readers ho are young and happy at heart: Once upon a time." It is the story of ne cold, aggressive Duke of Coffin astle and his beautiful niece, The rincess Saralinda. Everything in the astle is cold and cruel except the lovely rincess. Even Time is dead; for some-ne left the windows open one snowy ight, and the hands on each of the astle's thirteen clocks are frozen at ten inutes to five. Because Saralinda has ne only warm hands in the castle, the uke is reluctant to give her up to any her many suitors. Consequently he ives each of them an impossible task to erform such as turning November into une, changing the rain to silver, or avelling three times around the moon. hose who fail in these tasks he pun-hes by slitting them "from the guggle the zatch" and feeding them to his eese.

As the story begins, a young prince, orn of Zorna, comes to town disguised s a ragged minstrel. He is anxious to win the hand of the beautiful Princess; so he allows himself to be captured and taken before the Duke. Finally his task is decided: he is to secure a thousand jewels for the Duke within nine and ninety hours and to return when the clocks are striking five. With the aid of the Golux ("the only Golux there ever was and not a mere device"), a helpful little man who appears at crucial moments, Zorn locates Hagga of Hagga's Hill, who has the power to weep jewels instead of tears. There is only one drawback: she has heard so many sad stories that she is no longer able to weep for anyone. Time is dwindling, and the Golux and Zorn cannot produce a single tearful tale. Finally the two obtain their jewels by making Hagga laugh until she cries. (The jewels of laughter last only a fortnight and then turn back to tears.)

Zorn and the Golux hurry back to the castle with the jewels and face one more problem: how to start the clocks so that they can strike five. With the logic of the Golux and the warmth of Saralinda, this final task is performed; and the Duke is defeated. Zorn of Zorna takes his lovely princess, and they ride side by side to the land of Ever After, leaving the Duke with his false jewels.

Every fairy tale, of course, has its monster or dragon, and *The Thirteen Clocks* is no exception. At the mention of the Todal a person's hair would turn white, for it was the most horrible of all fiends. One of the Duke's guards describes it aptly: "'The Todal looks like a blob of glup. It makes a sound like rabbits screaming and smells of old, unopened rooms.'" The Duke completes the description: "'You've only heard of half of it,' he said. 'The other half is worse. It's made of lip. It feels as if it had been dead at least a dozen days, but it moves about like monkeys and like shadows.'" It is this sleeping monster which is the final downfall of the cruel Duke.

Thurber writes in poetic prose, using alliteration and rhyme in abundance. The larger-than-average print and the smooth flow of words facilitate ease of reading, and the many colorful illustrations by Marc Simont add to the fun and merriment of the little book. For an hour of reading pleasure which will leave one feeling a little gayer and a little happier, this book is the answer.

—Betty McGeachy

Time for Laughter

Hyman, Mac: *No Time For Sergeants,* Random House, New York: 1954, 214 pp., $2.95.

No Time For Sergeants is the hilarious story of a Georgia hillbilly in the army. Will Stockdale, an ignorant but kind-hearted farm boy, tells his own story of how the draft board had to send a group of eleven men to get him to report for duty. The series of improbable events that follow show how Will, through his blissful ignorance, seems to defeat the army at every turn. When assigned to the air force, he is given tests which he solves in a manner never before known to the officials. He is delighted at being put on KP because of all the good food available. The cook finally begs him to leave; his barracks' sergeant does everything imaginable to get him transferred to another unit and loses his rank twice in the process. After many other adventures, Will puts the air force in an embarrassing position by suddenly appearing at his base after he has been declared dead and awarded two medals posthumously. Because Will is very much alive, the general transfers him to the infantry so that the embarrassing mistake will be hushed up. And by the time Will leaves the air force he is practically holding the general's reputation and career in his hands.

Mac Hyman, born and reared on a Georgia farm himself, uses his knowledge of the people of that area and exaggerates only a little for effect. Although the situations are not very probable, the characters stand out as representatives of American life. Most of the humor lies in the country boy's ignorance of city life. For example, one of the funniest scenes is that in which Will thinks the boy who has "had ROTC" is suffering from some kind of disease. Anyone who knows Georgia back country knows that such ignorance is indeed possible. The author's skillful use of dialect is an excellent example of American folk humor. For an evening of hearty laughs, chuckles, and smiles, *No Time For Sergeants* is the perfect companion.

—Emmie Hay

Directions to a College Girl on How to be a Good Roommate

Betty McGeachy
Adapted from
Jonathan Swift,
Directions to Servants

As a roommate, you hold one of the most important positions on the college campus. Every college girl is in training for the future, and your roommate is no exception. You must learn, therefore, just what to say and how to act in her presence so that you may do your part in the development of her character.

If you are fortunate enough to choose your own roommate, be sure to select a girl who is just exactly your size so that you may borrow all of her clothes, thus doubling your wardrobe. She will be flattered that you like to wear her sweaters and dresses and will greatly appreciate the service which you are rendering to her by displaying her favorite outfits. And, most important of all, you will be teaching her to be generous.

If you are unable to pick a roommate, you may be satisfied if yours is of a much smaller stature than yourself. By wearing her sweaters, you will aid her greatly, because in stretching them to fit you you will reduce the danger of shrinkage, so common to woolen garments. If there arises the unfortunate situation in which your roommate is a larger girl than yourself, you need not become discouraged. You will still be able to borrow her jewelry and accessories and should take advantage of every opportunity to do so.

Obviously, one of the most important rules of being a good roommate is to borrow. Borrow everything you can: clothes, jewelry, scarves, combs, cosmetics, bobby pins, pencils, paper, pens, ink, typewriter, textbooks, sewing goods, scotch tape, soap, towels, and whatever else is available. Your roommate will appreciate your admiration for her personal articles; and if you are slow in returning them, she will learn how to take care of her possessions by keeping track of them and hating to lend them out. You will find that money is one of the most useful things to borrow if it is not paid back for a considerable length of time. If you borrow money, however, you must remember to borrow an uneven amount so as to make her accounts uneven and difficult to manage. She will appreciate this in the future because she will know how to handle complicated mathematical problems, such as those found on the income-tax report.

You may be the type of person who likes to sleep late in the morning and has difficulty in waking up. If so, you must ask your roommate to awaken you at a certain time so that you will not be late for classes. It will be good for her if she has the full responsibility of getting you up, and you will have only her to blame if you are late. In this way both of you will benefit. I know from experience that heavy sleepers are likely to be grumpy and cross when first awakened; and, if this is true in your case, merely explain to your roommate that you are not conscious enough to know what you are saying when you snap at her in the mornings.

When the two of you are preparing to go out—to a meeting, for example—you have a choice of two courses to follow. Either be exceedingly slow in getting ready and force her to wait for you—this will teach her the admirable quality of patience—or get prepared a good ten minutes early and leave without her—this will teach her to be faster in her preparations.

Always leave your personal items strewn about the room, and keep your dresser and closet as disorderly as possible. The mess which you create should be so obvious that it will stimulate your roommate to keep her own part of the room orderly and immaculate; thus she will become an efficient and capable housekeeper, always insisting upon order and cleanliness.

If there is anything in the room which is jointly owned and used, such as a full-length mirror, a desk, a lamp, or a bookcase, be sure to monopolize it as much as possible. Your roommate will be forced to put her books elsewhe and find another place for writing; sh will, of necessity, learn to be resourc ful and self-sufficient.

In everything which you do with yo roommate be as disagreeable and u pleasant as possible. Never agree wi her, and criticize her every action. Aft she has graduated from college, she ne never fear to meet any person or sit ation; for after four years of your co panionship she will have learned ho to meet the worst and be successful.

CONTRAST

Lindsay Marshall

Afraid,
I looked down across the world
And saw the dark despair of sin-sick
souls
And shadows
Of four horsemen,
Hammer and sickle.
My heart cried out
In fear.
But Love said,
"Be still – –
And know that I am God."
Hopeful,
I looked up into the heavens
And saw the majestic order of an infini
universe
And underneath
The everlasting arms.
My heart leaped up
In faith.
When I viewed once more the world
I saw a shadow still–
But it was
A cross.

A DENIAL OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

(Continued from page 10)

My God not only created the u verse, but also rules it and lives in He is not limited in his revelation himself. I am not alone in my sensu perception of him. This revelation offered to all of his creatures. The m who loves God can look into the face his Master.

HIS LAST DESIRE

Betty Anne Cross

ven in her sleep she knew that something or someone in her room. It wasn't that she saw or heard anyone ing among the heavy damask hangings on the walls. sensation was more of an awareness, a disturbing knowl- that the suite was permeated by some unnamed spirit. ves of chill and heat alternated, announcing the advent hat strange and unbidden visitor.

or weeks she had had this feeling of being alone, yet alone. Especially when dusk made the corners of the ns shadowy, when day had passed and night was still ome, she had sensed a presence with her. Not so often occasionally the feeling came in those early hours of morning before the first rays of the sun pushed their into the room, and she knew that an unknown visitor lowed her life. It was almost as if tentacles from this nown had wrapped themselves around her. Each time moved, she was possessed with the thought that this g, this sinister being, anticipated her every movement emanated around her.

issa awoke with a start. She felt that someone had called name in a voice of reproach still tinged with demand, ice familiar yet long ago. But not so long ago, she re- ded herself. Her thoughts wandered as she shuddered. at was that dream that had been haunting her sleep st as constantly as the uninvited presence that blended the rising mist by the shore or with the whispering d in the shutters? She could only remember dreaming n unfilled grave and a tombstone still unmarked. With- moving, she strained her ears as if expecting to hear n Duncan's voice calling; then calming herself, she e to search for a cigarette.

Her watch dangled loosely on her arm; she fastened the h and noticed that the watch had stopped. Determined, walked toward the writing table. As she opened the ver, she glanced toward the sleeping form on the bed. b was restless in his sleep. She smiled at his weak, almost like face, which was far from relaxed in his slumber. frowned and mumbled fitfully as he tossed from side ide. Lissa thought, as always, how different Jacob, re- g, quiet, an unknown mu- n; and Duncan, jealous, eful, demanding, the hard- ing business man.

Duncan had loved her in his , she knew. Lissa had been art of the life he had plan- step by step. First had been moderate success. Then he chosen Lissa as carefully as osing the right suit for a ain occasion. Her place had n to grace his home and to he charming hostess that he ded. Then drive, push, force ccess, big success had to be no matter what the cost. a hadn't loved Duncan, but with her father's huge debt there seemed no other way but to marry the ambitious businessman. Lissa's father had been one of the many small businessmen whose failures had been stepping stones for Duncan's success. For this and his constant suppression and domination over her, Lissa had hated Duncan. And the hate grew until it had filled her every thinking moment. Hate and escape—these had been her life.

Her friends had shuddered in the presence of his domination of Lissa. Yet she had never been afraid, for she had known that his very jealousy made him weak. She had been safe, though suppressed, in the love which had given her the power over him; this had been her weapon if the opportunity ever came for her to fight.

It had been Duncan who had given her this home by the sea, this home with its stone walls so sturdy beside the wild and turbulent waters. Not a single change would she ever allow, she thought; this was just as she would always want it. Lissa knew that this was where she belonged, although Duncan had never liked the house and had never allowed her to stay by the sea. That was Duncan, unwilling even to share her with the sea and the music she loved.

* * * * * *

Jacob had moved the massive piano into their room and had placed it by the window. They had spent many hours there together. She had reclined upon a low sofa and had listened to the music which lived and almost matched the raging wind and pounding tides. The music was theirs; only in those hours did the presence retire. It was almost as if the musical tones cast an invisible barrier between the sinister and their love. This was complete happiness. This was a happiness that the uninvited presence could observe but never share.

The piano was closed now; the strings had been mysteriously broken. Uncanny and strange was it, almost as if some unknown fist had crashed through, a hand practiced in pounding a slick, hard desk for emphasis and attention. Jacob missed his music; his very sleep seemed haunted by the chords his soul demanded to express. And the strange spirit, no longer receding before the melody, seemed to dominate even the atmosphere. The silence was tomblike, almost destroying the union of their love. Yet they were loath to bring in an outsider to mend the instrument. This was their haven, their refuge from the world. This was the life she could never have given Duncan, the husband who had wanted her every loyalty and thought.

A stillness settled over the room. Glancing toward the clock over the fireplace, Lissa saw that it was 5:30. Morning

Continued on page 20

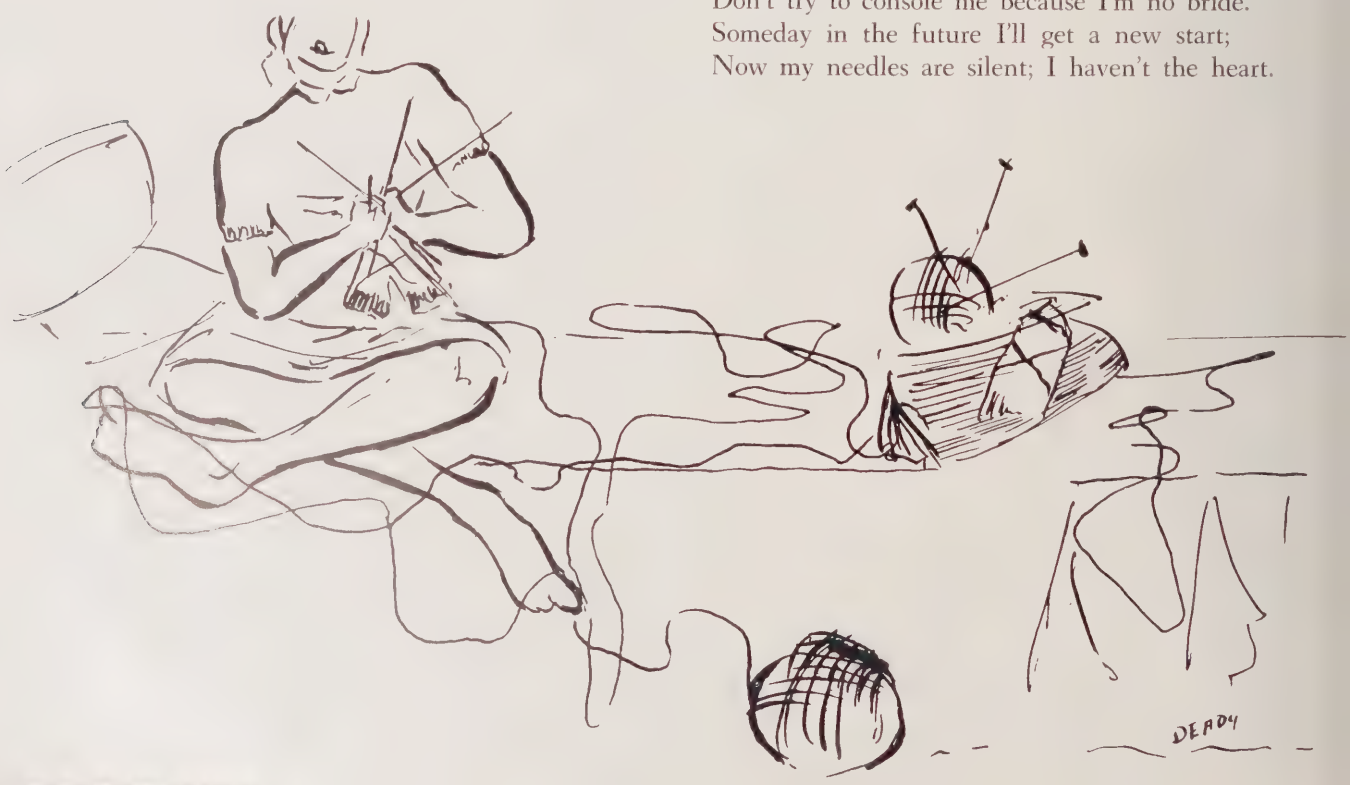
POETRY

I Give Up

Marjorie Blankenship

For years my chief asset has been to admire
The talents of others; I could not acquire
The skills that make handwork so clever and neat.
I'd truly admire it—and groan with defeat.
So—driving or cooking or trying to sing,
Or swimming or tennis—it's *all* the same thing.
I have no green thumbs and I'm lost with a thread,
And bridge in the Y-Store is over *my* head.
I try and I try, but I meet the same end;
I'm always admiring the skills of a friend.
But not long ago there slipped into my life
The loveliest daydream of being a wife.
I rallied my forces, then thought it all through;
I'd somehow attract him—but what could I *do?*
Dress nicely? Read *Newsweek?* Be worldly and wise?
All this would completely escape his blind eyes.
I discovered in heeding my future's high call,
Miss Tillett and Byron were right after all:
A woman will battle to capture his heart.
Love's her whole existence; 'tis man's world apart.
When glum with despair, I received with a shock
A 'phone call from him—opportunity's knock:
A question that left me excited and numb,
We're playing a game. Do you think you can come?"

Did I think I could come! I said "Yes," in a trance
While listening to him, I envisioned my chance.
Right there in the 'phone booth I fashioned my dre
I walk in the gym—yes—he's here with his team.
Across in the bleachers I wander and sit;
I nod my head slightly, beginning to knit.
His coaching is halted; he suddenly spies
My needles at work!—With a light in his eyes
That says "How domestic! How charming you look!
You knit with such pleasure, you must like to cook
With happy assurance and glowing inside,
I count up my stitches with housewifely pride,
Then glance up demurely to smile as he thrills,
(Don't look so astonished—just one of my skills."
Because, dear, you *know* I'm a practical girl!
Keep watching your scoreboard.) Knit-purl and knit-p
With all awkward efforts sealed up in the past,
I'm now a success; I'm progressing at last!
The world's at my fingers; I'll soon cook and darn;
I'm stitching in dreams with these bobbins and yarn.
Alas! my companions cried, "Back up a bit!
You're doing it backwards! Purl-knit and purl-knit!
You *must* do it right." And with one fatal jerk
They ripped out the ribbing and ten hours work.
Yes, I'm back admiring, alone with my pride.
Don't try to console me because I'm no bride.
Someday in the future I'll get a new start;
Now my needles are silent; I haven't the heart.



Desolation

Peggy Brice

A cold moist veil of mist and fog
Is slowly raised;
The cloak of night has failed
To change the scene.
Still hangs in gloom of dawn
The stench of blood
And stale gunsmoke, devoid of bite.
Scattered shrapnel sunk in dust
Is proof of bitter strife.
Once smiled the face of youth
On hills now drenched with sweat and blood.
And silence reigns.
But one lone stranger walks
Across the scene.
His cape flares in the breeze;
His hand is like the veil of fog;
His touch—the kiss of Death.

The Journey

Emmie Neyle Hay

e darkness stretches before me vast, illimitable.
ith doubting confidence I force my fears behind me
d step forward into the enveloping gloom.
ere is no path,
d my steps falter on the uneven ground
hich my eyes cannot see.
wly my fears creep around me
d in their icy fingers clutch my heart,
rs of all the nameless horrors that lurk
mewhere in the blackness surrounding me.
tumble and cry out,
t no one hears my cry,
r I am alone.
e thorns pierce and the stones bruise.
e pain and fears and dreads encompass
shrinking soul.
cries echo in the emptiness,
d I lie prostrate, choked with despair.
ddenly on my trembling shoulders is placed
gentle hand.
pe lifts my heart
strength transforms my weakness.
ntly I am lifted to my feet.
e hand out of the darkness is firm and strong,
ging me forward into the eternal night.
t the night is not eternal.
dim light pierces the blackness before me.
ghter and brighter it glows until
simple pathway shines through the night.
fears disperse, my heart rejoices,
d the guiding hand leads me
meet my God.

To A Two-Year Old

Richard Stavrakas

And now another year is come and spent;
My babbling babe is now a jabbering jay.
Where once he crawled, he now leaps up in play
For in this house a boy's a King content.
Within the world of books to us he shows
The pictures of the words he's learned to say:
A "tick"'s a clock, a cat, a "kitty," gray.
At night in bed he counts his tiny toes.
And now at last a great wide world he sees
Where growing wonders glow with magic light
And find rebirth within a baby's eye.
The cow—the horse—the dog—the trees—
The clouds—the stars—the moon's a great big light—
The sky is high—the birds . . . Why can't I fly?

God Speaks

Amanda Adams

Blue walls
In ivory framed.
Upon the cross
A light.
Rose-colored glass
And twilight.
Soft rain,
A prayer,
God speaks.

The Search

Mary McLaney

The earth with faces baked and blackened masks,
And cracks of maddened red like open wounds
Seeks hungrily for water, and so asks
And begs the heavens pity pain-parched grounds.

A seed dark buried, deep within the earth,
With ceaseless striving, strain, and search for sight,
Within the womb, unknowing, knows the worth
Of life, and labors long toward the light.

The beasts of field and forest know their day
Is one of hunt, be hunted, and so die;
But on they go—they know no better way—
But seek their food in blood, in silence cry.

And so does man seek endlessly for love,
And no god bends the burden to remove.

HIS LAST DESIRE

(Continued from page 17)

will soon be here, she thought. She set her watch and wound it carelessly. Then almost expecting to feel an arm reaching out from nowhere, she pulled (with force) a small package of letters from the drawer. Now Lissa would burn them and remove the last tangible trace of her three years of marriage to Duncan. In her newly found contentment Lissa had forgotten much of those years of bondage to Duncan so that now even the handwriting on the envelopes was strange like a memory faded and made unfamiliar by the passing of years. The feeling of an intruder was stronger. She half-turned in her chair, almost expecting to see the imprint from an invisible foot or the impress of an unseen body.

Yes, Lissa had forgotten much of those tortured years of belonging to someone who understood nothing but drive and ownership, but there were things she had not forgotten. She smiled bitterly as she remembered that this very bent to possess even her inmost thoughts and being had been the means of Duncan's death.

* * * * * *

She recalled only snatches of their last conversation over a wire, snapping and buzzing in the oncoming storm.

He had said, "You know I won't have you there. I told you to fly here. I've already bought tickets for tonight's . . . ."

She had interrupted him, "But, Duncan, the storm ma flying unsafe. And I really don't mind being alone. I h a book and some excellent new records. I really . . . ."

"Confound your privacy! A puny little rain! You're wife, and you shall be with me!" He had paused a mir and then continued, "Well, I won't have you there. If refuse to do as I ask, I'll fly there and catch a cab ou the house."

"Please don't, Duncan. Wait until the storm blows ov Lissa had pleaded.

"Why, don't you want me to come? Will I interfere v your plans or your precious solitude?" He had asked v a blend of suspicion and sarcasm.

Lissa had answered, "Duncan, you know that isn't it

Exclaiming with intensity, Duncan almost had shou "I will always be with you." Then he had laughed sho and had said, "Well, I'm coming anyway. You can exp me by six. Now that that is settled why don't you meet in town? We can stay there for the night and catch an e flight back here in the morning since you don't trust piloting."

"All right, just as you say, Duncan."

The wind had howled that night, and the storm broken, but Lissa had driven into town. She had car out his orders, although for the first time she really di expect him to come. When he had not arrived by ei

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ock, Lissa had driven back to her haven by the sea. The vnpour had made visibility almost impossible, but she l known that she must get back to the one place where life could be her own. Through the storm she kept see- Duncan's face and hearing his voice, saying "You can ect me by six. You can expect me by six. By six. By " The news of the crash had reached her there. Knowing t only death would have kept him, she had sat by the ne and had waited. Her only thought had been of ting her life over.

* * * * * *

She cast the bundle of letters into the dying embers of fire. His death had liberated her; now new love was s, and even those small reminders of her loathsome rs of suppression had to be destroyed. She walked over the small gas heater by the table and extinguished the e flame. The room had become much too hot with the nbined heat of both the open fire and the gas heater.

A low gasp aroused Lissa from her reveries. She turned l quickly ran to the bed. The covers of the bed were ntly wrapped around Jacob's throat. It was almost as if ne evil and purposeful hand had tangled the bedclothing und his neck. She was sure this was no accident. Some- e or something wanted to destroy their happiness. Quickly sing them, Lissa hid her fear and said, "Jacob, you must having a nightmare. You miss your music. We'll get the no repaired tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow," he echoed as he fell back into the bed. ou're still up. Haven't you slept yet?" he asked. "By way, what time is it?"

"I'm coming back in a minute," she answered. "Time? Oh, quarter to six."

In her sudden fright the letters lay forgotten in the fireplace. A sudden gust of wind had swept down the chimney and had extinguished even the tiny vestiges of coals and had left the logs gray and charred. The letters remained untouched except for a slight scorch around their edges. The air was as still as in the moments preceding a summer storm when the gathering clouds have reached their climax.

The feeling of an intrusion grew stronger. What was this presence that would not leave her? Was this feeling real, or did her happiness make her fear that somehow it would end? But her concern over the sleeping Jacob made her ignore the presence. She would save him from any danger no matter what the costs were. She would not let anything harm him or their life together. She brushed by a table of untouched books. A heavy volume crashed unnoticed to the floor on to the tiny gas outlet. Resolved to watch his slumbers, she pulled the low sofa near the bed. There would be no more accidents.

She would not sleep, she would not; but a dark abyss forced itself around her. Her eyes burned; she would close them but not sleep. Jacob breathed evenly in his now peaceful rest, and the minutes ticked by. The room was quiet as Lissa felt herself submerged in a blackness from which she could not escape. Then the silence was disturbed by the striking of the hour. The presence departed as silently as he had come. There was nothing more for him. He had kept his appointment, and he had what he wanted.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

(Continued from page 13)

as vital to her nature as the finding of a life's vocation is for a man. She is, however, missing the mark if she believes that merely snaring a husband will bring her this security automatically. The problem women of today are not the ones who fail to prepare themselves for a career, but rather those who do not educate themselves to the future responsibilities of marriage. There should be an equal amount of criticism for the woman who fails to prepare herself for marriage as there is for the man who neglects to train himself for a trade or profession.

Inasmuch as a great deal is demanded of today's woman, this preparation is extremely vital. Dr. Louis Norris in his recent article "How to Educate a Woman," published in the *Saturday Review*, brings out the startling fact that a wife and mother is required to be a superhuman combination of producer, investor of wealth, purchaser of goods, educator, cultivator of the arts, and religious counselor. If the men of tomorrow are to be matured by a generation of mothers whose only goal in life is getting a man, then civilization might as well take a hydrogen bomb and put itself out of its misery. The home will continue to deteriorate —and thus, too, the center and vital core of civilization— as long as the person most directly responsible for its growth and development is content to "get by" in school until she is lucky enough to find someone to marry her. Most men desire more in their life's companion than a charming outward appearance to grace a home. Marriage is a lifetime of growth, not a fifty years' stagnant relationship between two people. Any thinking, intelligent woman will realize that a high-school diploma, or even a college diploma alone, hardly prepares her sufficiently for a staggering role such as that required by her home and husband. As a creation of God, however, and thereby the possessor of a rational

(Continued on page 26)

THREE BLACK TREES

ANN MAULDIN

Three black trees stand silently, grotesque,
Knee-deep in snow.
A breeze blows but no sound is heard.
There are no leaves.
Cold winter's wind
Has long since dropped them, hid them 'neath
A carpet white
And deep that stretches out of sight.
There is no sound.
Pale platinum moon
Reflects its light on scudding clouds—
Their moving shapes
Alone deface the snow except
Three shadows cast
By three black trees.

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My Comedy of Errors

Phyllis Knorr

On a clear, cold day in April, 1943, as I was driving toward small town of Flagstaff, Arizona, I reached the climax a comedy which opened in Alameda, California, and ed in Detroit, Michigan. I was arrested. Under other umstances it would have been a simple matter of a ht delay and the payment of a fine, but the circumstances e not simple. When we had met the Arizona State ice car at the bottom of the hill, I had realized that it ld be only a short while before the trooper would turn car and overtake us, because I had been driving over speed limit.

During the internal I kept thinking, "Delay, delay, delay, y. We'll never make it." I turned to Nan Woolley, the beside me, and said, "Here we go. Cross your fingers." he said, "Maybe he won't look."

The driver of the black police car motioned for us to l to the side of the road; and, as I stopped and waited him, I realized how utterly tired I was. Three days ore I had bid my husband a war-time farewell; I had en the car for two days; I had a traveling companion o would have been a trial to the patience of Job; I had n physically uncomfortable as my baby was due to be n in less than three months' time; and I had suffered iety over the knowledge that I was driving a car with cense tag which was two years old.

The police officer was a tall, good-looking man whose t appearance did honor to the uniform he wore. His nner was quiet and courteous, and I wished that he were illion miles away.

"Kind of in a hurry, aren't you, lady?"

n a meek voice I replied, "Yes."

As he checked my driver's license, the trooper gave us ew well-chosen words on the subject of speeding. I 't ordinarily drive over the speed limit, but on this trip ad been prodded by the demons of urgency.

"Knorr? Haven't seen that name before. What kinda ne is it?"

"German."

"I see you're wearing navy wings. Your husband in the vice?"

At that the floodgates opened, and I burst into tears. The r man looked aghast, and I was furious with myself. nen I could answer, I said, "For heavens sake, please, 't pay any attention to me. Honestly, I'm not putting on act to gain your sympathy. I'm just plain tired. I've been ng all the driving for two days, and I just feel all beaten If you'll just forget this and write out a ticket and tell what to do with it, I'll be on my way."

"No need to get excited. Just tell me why you're in such urry."

Nan had been making noises ranging from moans to bblings; so I gave her a good poke to hush her and started sad story. "Our husbands have been training in a squad- of P B Y's at Alameda Naval Air Station, and they just eived over-seas orders. We're trying to get East as fast we can in hopes that we can see them once more before y leave the States. I reckon I just hurried a little too ch."

"You did that all right, but I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. 'Slong as this is your first offense, I'll just write you out a warning and we'll let it go at that." He was writing as he talked. "Have to get the license number." As he walked to the back of the Ford, my heart stood still. I looked at Nan, and she looked at me. And then, *she* started crying.

The good humor had left the face of the trooper when he returned to the car window. "Say! What goes on here? What're ya trying to pull? Don't you know you can't drive around with license plates two years old? Not in Arizona, lady. Not in Arizona."

The man was angry.

I drew a deep breath, gave Nan another poke, then started, "This isn't our car — — —."

"So, you admit that! What kind of racket is this? Where'd you lift it?"

"Please,—let me explain."

"This I gotta hear. It better be good, sister, but good."

"It's really quite simple. This car belonged to an officer in the squadron with my husband. When the boys realized they'd be leaving soon, arrangements were made for me to drive Lieutenant Kovac's car to his parents who live in Detroit, Michigan. Unfortunately, the lieutenant was killed in a plane crash several weeks ago. When the officers settled his affairs, however, they decided to keep to Lieutenant Kovac's original plan and have me drive the car anyway; so here I am."

"Yeah, and you still haven't explained the out-dated license tag."

"Oh that—Well, Lieutenant Kovac was in Hawaii when the war started, and he had the car over there. He didn't get it to California until the week before he died."

"That still don't prove nothing. Do you have any kind of papers to show that you have permission to drive this car? First, I gotta decide if you skipped out in it or not. Do you have any registration or correspondence or anything?"

"Would the insurance papers do? The boys got the car insured for the trip."

"I'd like a look at 'em."

I reached into the glove compartment and with great relief handed the insurance paper to the trooper. It had never

ıtered my mind that anyone would think we'd stolen the car.

The officer read the paper and then looked again at my driver's license. He started to look angry again, and I couldn't imagine the reason.

"Now I know something's screwy! So you put a phony named on the insurance paper but *your* address. Pretty cute, I don't think!"

I looked at the paper in amazement and sure enough there it was: Mrs. Kovac's name and my California address.

"I didn't get the insurance. This girl's husband was appointed to take care of Lieutenant Kovac's affairs, and he got the insurance. He must not have had Mrs. Kovac's address with him at the time and just gave mine instead." I was thinking dark thoughts about Ensign Woolley at that point.

"A likely story. Look, you hand me a driver's license, and I see a name and an address. Then you hand me insurance papers with another name but the same address. Just by looking I don't know what the score is. I don't even know there is a lieutenant, and I sure as hell don't know if he got killed or if anyone said you could drive his car if there is such a person. I'm so confused I'm not sure I know my own name."

To me it was all just as plain as day, and I still felt impatient with the delay all this was causing. I opened my purse, and the trooper drew back as though he thought I'd pull a gun out. I said "Let's start over. Here is my offical navy identification card as the wife of an ensign stationed at Alameda Air Station, picture and all. So now you know the name on the driver's license is authentic and the would seem logical."

His face brightened a little at getting one part of puzzle straightened.

"That still don't tell me why you started out on a with old license plates."

"To tell you the truth, we didn't notice it until the m ing we left. Kovac drove the car all around before he killed, and some of the other boys drove it later. In I took my driver's test in this car. I don't know why the wasn't noticed unless it was because it was a Michigan and we were in California."

"Do you mean you haven't been stopped between meda and here?"

"That's right."

"Well, whatta ya know. You couldn't expect to get thro Arizona like that?" I didn't remind him that he ha noticed the tag until he started to write down the num

The trooper stood there musing a moment and then back to business. "Why didn't you buy a California t

"When we noticed the tag, the squadron had left, we couldn't get in touch with them. We had no registrat We talked it over, and we were so anxious to leave that decided to take a chance."

"Well, your luck ran out. This is war-time and lot things are going on, and some people think they can away with anything. If you can just figure out some to convince me this thing about the lieutenant is the stra goods, maybe it'll all hang together. Somehow or 'no

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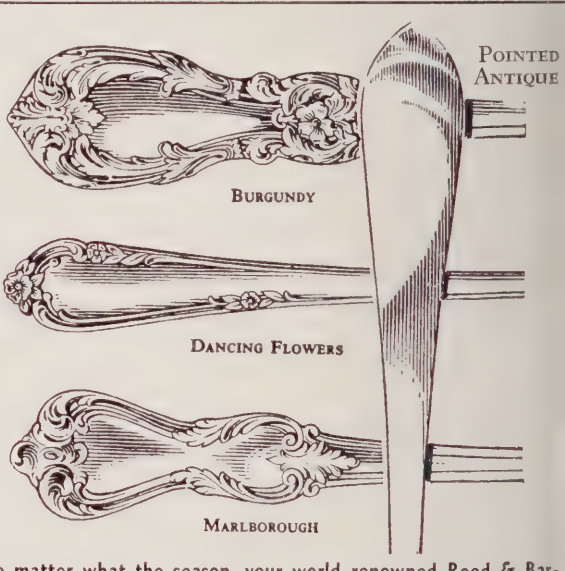

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beginning to believe this crazy story of yours." He ught a few minutes and then said, "We can go in n, and I can telephone this Mrs. Kovac and ask her a questions."

ly heart sank again. "I don't think that will work."

Why not?" he asked suspiciously.

You see, it's this way. Mrs. Kovac is Hungarian, and she sn't speak a word of English."

s I said that, the trooper's ears pricked up, and he ghtened with a jerk.

And your name's German!" I could almost see his mind ing out the words, *spy, spy, spy*. I knew that if I ghed, I'd get hysterical.

Listen, sister, I've had enough. I was willing to let you n with a warning on the speeding angle, but now this g has gotten too complicated for me. I'll have to take in to the captain and let him decide what to do with You start on toward town, and I'll follow you. Our e is in the big building in the middle of town."

Nan started talking right away, and I asked her please e quiet so I could think. The police officer had talked ctly to me as the driver of the car; so I haven't men- ed Nan's contributions to the discussion. Nan was not choice of a traveling companion. She was just going my . While I was wondering whether the officer would ally put us in jail, Nan asked if I thought the trooper ld care if we stopped for her to get a candy bar. Nan I were the same age.

can't remember what the town of Flagstaff, Arizona, s like. I do remember, however, the drab, typical small-town building which housed the office of the Arizona State Police. When I stepped from the car, our trooper got his first good look at me in my awkwardness and said, "Oh, my God!"

He led us into a brown, cluttered room and motioned for us to be seated on the straight chairs of the type known as "kitchen." More delay. The captain was out. The captain remained out for the next three hours. While we waited, we went over and over the circumstances of our trip with no solution forthcoming. Sergeant Richards, our captor, suggested that he call Alameda to verify our story, and it took a while to convince him that it would be to no avail because our husbands' squadron had moved in entirety with sealed orders and that no information concerning the squadron would be given out, for security reasons. At one point the sergeant confessed that he wished he'd never set eyes on us.

When the captain arrived, we went over our story again. He didn't get as excited as the sergeant had, but he did seem perplexed as to what course to take with us. I assured them that I would be happy to purchase an Arizona license tag or co-operate in any way. The captain admitted that he had not the slightest idea what procedure to follow and blithely passed the problem back to the sergeant and went home to his dinner. By that time I was feeling sorry for the sergeant. In desperation he finally decided that he'd send a telegram to the Kovacs, asking them the pertinent questions. We felt sure that someone would interpret the message for them and that when their answer came a final decision about our status could be made.

We weren't required to spend the night in jail, but the sergeant escorted us to a motel; and after we'd registered

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He had a confidential chat with the manager. He then escorted us to a restaurant and waited while we ate our dinner. After seeing us back to the motel, he warned us not to try to leave town and instructed us to be at his office the next morning. I was too tired to move anyway.

We were up early and at the police office long before Sergeant Richards made his appearance. He was quite jovial and waved a telegram in his hand as he walked up. It was quite a relief for me to see it, for after the other slip-ups I hadn't been sure the Kovacs had been notified that I was driving the car. The telegram stated that I was authorized to drive the car and gave the date of Lieutenant Kovac's death. Sergeant Richards said frankly that he didn't know the legality of what he proposed to do in regard to the outdated license tag, but since the captain had given him the case that he'd do what he thought was right. He put the telegram in his typewriter and typed this message at the bottom: "This case has been investigated by the Arizona State Police and we are allowing them to go on." He then borrowed the captain's state seal and stamped the telegram for good measure. He was almost as glad to see us leave as we were glad to leave.

We were not stopped by the police again until we reached Detroit, and then we were stopped twice. Each time we handed the officer the telegram, and it was accepted along with out story. Lieutenant Kovac had been well-known in the athletic world of Detroit; and, when he had been killed, the newspapers had carried the story; so the officers were familiar with his name. When we reached our destination, we found an English-speaking brother visiting his parents and that expedited our explanations to the Kovacs.

It was with great relief that I turned over my responsibility of the car and closed that comedy of errors.

SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION FOR WOM

(Continued from page 22)

mind and a soul, a woman is also—and primarily—res sible to her God. She has been endowed with certain ta and the accompanying responsibility that she make most of them. For a woman to ignore or bury these div instilled capabilities is to fail miserably in the eyes of if not of men.

Perhaps the greatest problem in the education of wo then is not getting to college, for most girls will g conform to the accepted practice of the majority and to a man more easily by placing themselves in his vici The real problem is to make women aware of the pu of college once they are there. The same article in *Saturday Review* that presented the demand made on to wife also brought out the importance of a liberal educ for women as the best preparation for these requirem Whether or not a woman finds marriage, a career, combination of the two as her life's vocation, she mus ceive a broad background of the "common core of kn edge, methods of thought, and standards of values tha the essence of a liberal education." The possession background such as this, Mr. Norris points out, dev in a woman the resourcefulness necessary in marriag career and prepares her for any necessity of changin adjusting the basic patterns of her life. Today's wo then, must meet the demands made upon her by fa these as personal responsibilities, being willing to ass them, and preparing for them by getting a liberal educa Any woman aware of the challenges presented by future home and husband, her career, and her God not need to be told of her purpose in college—and in

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THE GREEN DRESS

AMANDA ADAMS

Maggie Watkins stared at the jelly glass half full of wn liquid. She raised the glass and drained it. Through roken window pane the morning sun shone on the empty tle on the table.

'Only ten o'clock in the morning and my last drop of iskey," she sighed to herself.

Maggie glanced around the kitchen. The room was prac-lly bare except for a rusty wood stove in one corner, the le, two broken cane-bottom chairs, and a walnut cup-rd. Pa had made the cupboard for Ma as a wedding sent.

The old place looks bad—never did look like much even ore Ma died—always full of kids, dogs, and cats. Poor —she tried to keep us decent. And Pa—he just couldn't dreamin'."

She shoved away from the table and shuffled into the er room. Picking up a moth-eaten shawl from the bed, threw it around her shoulders. In the mirror on the wall saw herself—a large, raw-boned man with a few streaks of red hair in the grey. Her hazel eyes were odshot, her face lined with years dissipation. She remembered how had looked in the green satin ss. Luke had bought it for her—first present from a man. She received many presents since n. Pulling the shawl tighter und her shoulders, she stepped out the yard.

A few children were playing near on the railroad track. As Maggie ked by, one of the bigger boys gan to jeer.

"There goes old Maggie, white h!"

"White trash! White trash!" The er children joined the leader in uting and grimacing.

Maggie turned her head and crossed the track. She headed the Cedartown Post Office.

"Well, Maggie —" Mr. Collins, the postmaster, frowned ough the window. "Still looking for that letter from your lthy uncle in Charleston? Why don't you give up? That er's never going to come."

"It will, Mr. Collins; it will," Maggie muttered.

She wandered out and down the street to Ellis' Grocery Variety Store. As Maggie stepped into the doorway, a mpous looking middle-aged woman hurried through the nging doors. There was a loud crash as the bag of gro-es fell to the sidewalk.

A small crowd gathered as Maggie bent over to pick the groceries. From the store an excited little man ran

"Mrs. Varnham—Lucille—what happened? What hap-ed?" He began wringing his hands. The little man nced up at Maggie.

"You!" he exclaimed in disgust.

Mrs. Varnham, recovering her voice, sputtered, "You—you stupid fool! What do you mean by knocking me down?"

Maggie, her face expressionless, walked into the store. Between the counters stood the Reverend Tom Brown's wife.

Mrs. Brown's friendly voice called, "Hello, Maggie, How're you feeling today?"

"Well, I have felt better, Mrs. Brown. You're looking well, ma'am."

"We've missed you in church, Maggie. Don't forget you're always welcome there," said Mrs. Brown softly.

Just then the little man hurried in and walked to the back of the store.

"Don't forget what I said," called Mrs. Brown as Maggie followed him to the back.

Maggie turned and smiled. "Thank you," she said hoarsely.

Behind the meat counter the little man was sawing on a shoulder of beef. A vein stood out on his red forehead.

"Jake—"

He turned his small blue eyes flashing furiously. Going into a back room, he returned with a paper bag, shoved it into Maggie's hand and began to saw again.

Maggie slid the paper bag under her shawl. She had promised the preacher that she would stop drinking.

Outside again she walked slowly up the road toward the railroad track. She decided that she would do down to Liza's. Maybe Sammy would go fishing with her. Even though her family was poor, Liza had always been kind to her. The other Negroes only tolerated them.

After walking about a mile, Maggie came to Liza's. On the steps of the cabin sat a small, very black woman, shelling peas with one hand—the other hand was gnarled into a tight fist. Maggie walked up to the steps. As she laid her hand gently on top of the bandana tied around Liza's head, the old woman looked up and gave her a toothless grin. Sitting down beside her, Maggie picked up a handful of peas and began to shell.

After a few minutes Maggie shouted in the old woman's ear.

"Where's Sammy?"

Liza turned and screamed shrilly, "Sammy—Sam-my."

No one came.

"Sam-uel."

Around the corner of the house appeared a small bare footed boy dressed in faded jeans.

Hello, Sammy. How about going fishing with me?"

Without a word Sammy ran to the back of the house and returned in a minute with two bamboo poles and a rusty tin can. Maggie put the shelled peas in Liza's lap. Then she and Sammy walked toward the river.

When they got back to the cabin that afternoon, the sun was below the treetops. Liza was sitting in the same place. Only now she was gazing across the field while little puffs of smoke rose from her pipe. When Sammy held up a string of catfish, Liza grinned and continued to gaze into space. Sammy ran into the house and brought back a piece of newspaper in which he carefully wrapped the two largest fish. Maggie took the package and pulled from her pocket a small tobacco pouch which she laid in Liza's lap.

That night as the fish were sizzling in the pan, Maggie opened the brown paper bag which Jake had given her. The bottle was only half full. She always had better luck fishing after a few drinks. The jelly glass was still on the table. She poured it full.

That night she dreamed again about the rose garden. As she stood in the midst of a path in her green satin dress, she saw Luke far off in the distance. The scent of roses was heavy. Luke began getting smaller. Then the roses began to grow and grow until they were above her head, and she was trying to push the stems aside, but the thorns were tearing her dress. Awaking, she found the sheet pulled up around her neck. She straightened it, stared into the darkness, and finally slept again.

The next morning at her usual time Maggie headed for the post office. Mr. Collins did not frown this morning; instead, he handed her a long envelope postmarked "Charleston, S. C."

"Well—looks like that letter finally came," commer Mr. Collins.

Maggie's hands trembled as she opened the letter c fully. It read:

"My dear Miss Watkins:

This is to inform you that Lucas Randolph Ma passed away last Saturday night. He died peacefull his sleep . . ."

The color drained from her face; she read on.

"Upon the reading of the will, we find that you the sole heir of the Martin plantation. The land exte ten miles west of the Inlet, seven miles north . .

The page was a blur. There was no need to read more. How well she knew the plantation. Never c she forget the sight of the tall pines so thick that they the sky and the smell of the sea, and the garden—the garden and the humiliation.

She hurried home. There on the table was the bo but she couldn't swallow. After a while she became c

Lucille Varnham—did she know? She had divorced L after . . . But there wasn't time to look back now.

She went into the bedroom and pulled a cardboard from under the bed. After carefully pulling off the br tape that sealed the box, she took from the folds of w tissue paper a green satin dress. The funeral would be morrow. She would wear the dress.

Even though it was raining, many people from Ce town attended the funeral. Lucille Varnham was th standing beside her second husband. As the Rever

(Continued on page 32)

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BLACK CAT

May Ann Dover

he road stretched over the tops of the mountains like ain linking each mountain to another. It appeared as e road ended at the top of every hill; but when the top reached there was always more road on the other side, ling for miles and miles over the heights of the country. ing the day the road afforded travelers continual views he world of villages and farmlands thousands of feet w the parkway. But at night there was only thick dark- everywhere except on the nights when the moon shone.

n this particular night there was a moon, a small, new n that hung like a tarnished crescent in the sky. There a sprinkling of stars in the sky, too; but real illumination e from the headlights of a car that was twisting its way ugh the mountains.

ehind the steering wheel of the car sat a young man in early thirties, and beside him a woman a few years nger than he. A little girl perhaps five years of age was ched across the back seat sound asleep. They were rid- along in silence when a small animal bounded across road in front of the car, and the driver had to swerve tly to avoid hitting it.

Paul!" The woman gave a short scream and sat up kly on the seat. "Was that a black cat?"

Yeah, I think it was," Paul answered.

know it was," she remarked in a tone that expressed disgust and fright. "And of all places to have bad —up here in a mountain wilderness with nothing but s and wild animals for miles and miles. Paul, you drive ttle more carefully. You're going too fast."

Betta," Paul sighed, "you know very well that black don't mean bad luck any more than gray cats or brown or any other kind of cats do. That's just an old super- on."

Superstition nothing! What about Charlotte Asberry's sins from Clarkdale? A black cat ran in front of them en they were on their way to Columbus, and a train into their car on a railroad crossing. They were all killed one."

Their car stalled on a railroad track, and one of them out when he saw the train coming. No wonder it ran them! That black cat didn't have a thing to do with it."

"The car wouldn't have stalled if it hadn't been for that cat."

"Betts, for crying out loud," Paul exclaimed. "You sound like a perfect idiot! How can anybody with any common sense at all believe anything as stupid as that? You sound about as ignorant as some of the mountaineers in this section of the country."

"I don't care. I wish that cat hadn't run in front of us. There's supposed to be something you can throw across your left shoulder to keep a black cat from bringing bad luck. What is it?" she asked.

"I haven't the vaguest idea. Maybe it's a horse shoe. There's an old saying that horse shoes bring good luck."

"No, it isn't a horse shoe. A girl I was in college with told me about it once, but I've forgotten what it was."

"Let's talk about something else," Paul suggested. "What time is it?"

"Twenty after eight."

"We should be there in another four hours or so," Paul commented.

"I certainly hope so. I feel as if I've grown to this seat."

"It's going to be nice getting away from life for awhile," he remarked.

"Don't say things like that!" she exclaimed.

"Like what?"

"Getting away from life," Betta answered.

"I just mean that it'll be nice to get away from a busy office and spend two weeks at a mountain lodge where there aren't any charts or reports or conferences," he explained.

"I don't care what you meant. Don't say it again. It gives me the creeps just now."

"You're too jumpy."

For a while there was only a silence with headlights cutting through the darkness. Then Betta interrupted it in a thoughtful tone of voice: "I wish I could think of what it is you're supposed to throw over your left shoulder."

Forget the whole thing," Paul advised.

"Forget it? About the time we go over a mountainside you're going to wish I'd thought of it."

"We're not going over any mountainside," he told her.

"We are if you don't slow down! Honestly, Paul, sometimes you drive like a demon!"

"Would you like to drive?" he offered.

"No, but I would like for you to slow down."

Once again all was quiet for a few miles. Paul interrupted the silence this time. "Did you put my gun in?"

"What are you going to do with a gun?" she asked.

"Kill myself."

"Paul!" she shrieked.

"Oh, Betta! For Pete's sake! You know good and well that I'm going hunting with it. Did you put it in?"

"Somebody evidently did. I think I saw it in the trunk."

"I hope so. Hunting at this place is supposed to be great," he said.

"Paul, do you suppose there's a horse shoe in the trunk?"

"Yeah," he replied with a sarcastic touch. "I always carry a spare in case I have a flat."

"Oh, be serious! Do you suppose by any chance there is one?"

Paul sighed and pronounced his words slowly. "I don't know and I don't care, but I doubt it very seriously because I have absolutely no reason for carrying one. Now will you please hush about it?"

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"I'm worried."

"Well, I wish you'd take some nerve pills or go to s or do something and quit yapping."

Betta hushed, and nothing more was said for a minutes. A cloud had covered half the moon and that that still showed looked like a devil's horn. The car round a sharp curve and the tire squealed.

"Paul, slow down! Your right foot must be made ou lead," Betta said.

"If I slowed down any more, we'd be stopped. I'm doing thirty-five," he told her.

"Thirty-five's too fast for these curvy mountain ro

"I know what I'm doing. I learned to drive on a c mountain road," he said.

After another moment's silence Betta asked, "Why d you run over that cat?"

"Run over it? That crazy cat hadn't done anythin me!"

"That's supposed to keep it from bringing bad lu Betta said.

"Who told you that wild tale?" Paul asked.

"When I was in college, another girl and I found a b cat lying dead in the gutter across the street from the and she said that somebody might have hit it to kee from bringing bad luck."

"That's crazy."

The road was canopied by thick-leaved, overhan branches, and the darkness seemed blacker than ever, the road had become a little straighter.

"Paul, you're going faster," Betta warned.

"I am not."

"Yes, you are. You're making nearly fifty."

"The road's not crooked."

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That's no excuse. You'd better be careful. I don't feel ," she said.

Are you sick?" Paul asked.

No, not sick exactly. I've got a—sort of creepy feeling. , please!" This last remarked was uttered just as the came to a sudden, sharp curve on the crest of a hill. tires screamed, and Paul had to take the curve on the ng side of the road.

Stop shouting! I hate to be shouted at when I'm driv- If you don't like the way I'm driving, you can get out walk!" Paul stormed, irritated at the unexpected curve.

All right then! Just go ahead and kill us all with your iacal driving!"

Whatever Paul's intended retort was, it was stopped by himper from the back seat.

Daddy?"

Yes, dear."

We there yet?"

No, dear. Go back to sleep, and we'll be there when you e up," Paul promised her.

'm thirsty."

Carole, hush and go back to sleep," Betta said im- ently.

But I want some water," Carole persisted.

There's no water around here anywhere; so you'd bet- go back to sleep," Paul advised.

We still in the mountains?" Carole asked.

"Yes, dear," Paul replied.

"Oh, it's dark out there! I can't see anything. Mommy, look how dark it is out there!"

"I see, Carole; I see," Betta sighed.

The car went around another curve, and the force threw Carole to the other side of the back seat.

"Oh, Daddy, you're throwing me all around!"

"I'm sorry, Carole, but these roads aren't the straightest in the world," he said.

"When will we get there?" she asked.

"It won't be long," Paul told her.

"I don't like it where we are. It's too dark. I wanta come up in the front seat with you," she said.

"There isn't room. Go back to sleep," Betta said.

"Daddy!" Carole shrieked as she went sliding across the seat again.

"Paul! Slow down!" Betta exclaimed vehemently.

"Daddy! Slow down! You always drive too fast. Mommy says so."

"He's trying to break all records tonight," Betta said.

"Carole, I think you'd better go back to sleep," Paul said.

"Give me my bear. I can't go to sleep without my bear," Carole replied.

"Where is it?" Betta asked.

"Up there with you," Carole answered.

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"I don't see it anywhere," her mother replied, looking around on the seat.

"I think it fell on the floor a while ago. It's somewhere under my feet," Paul said feeling around on the floor with one hand. "Here it is." He reached across the back of the seat and handed the little teddy bear to his daughter.

"Nighty-night," he said and patted her cheek.

"Pau-ul!" Betta screamed.

Quickly his hand flew back to the steering wheel, and his attention returned to the road, but not quickly enough. The curve had loomed up out of nowhere, and the loose gravel on the side of the road pulled the car away from the pavement. The guard rails held for an instant, but they could not withstand the impact, and with a great splintering, they gave way. The car turned over and over and over down the mountainside, breaking small shrubs and crashing against rocks in its descent. Finally all was still and quiet again.

Somewhere, miles back up the road, a black cat sat on a rotten tree stump in the yard of a mountain shack. It licked its paw in perfect contentment, enjoying the calm, crisp night and satisfied with its world.

TRY THIS FIRST

CAROLYN MOFFAT

Don't try knitting; don't try to cook.
You won't win that second look.
To capture HIM who seems so cute,
Try my leopard bathing suit!"

THE GREEN DRESS

(Continued from page 28)

Brown conducted the service, she sniffed quietly, receiving all the time reassuring pats from Mr. Varnham. Jake Ellis and Mr. Collins were there too—both standing under the same big black umbrella. As Maggie looked at Jake, she could not help pitying him. He had really loved Luke too. The rain beat hard on the canvas canopy over the grave. Maggie felt Mrs. Brown's arm around her as the coffin was lowered.

At home again Maggie packed a few things in a large knitting bag. Taking out the box again, she carefully folded the green dress into the tissue paper and resealed it. She put the shawl around her shoulders and picked up the bag and the box. On the kitchen table beside the lunch that Mrs. Brown had packed for her was the bottle, not quite empty. Maggie paused, unscrewed the top, and poured the rest down the drain.

When she reached the train station, the local to Charleston had just pulled in. No one was there to see her off. Soon the train was leaving Cedartown, and she was headed for the Martin Plantation.

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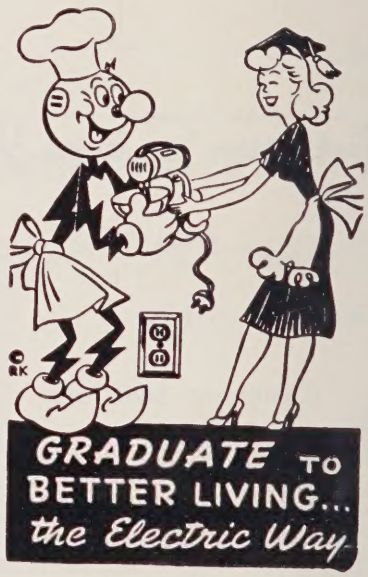

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